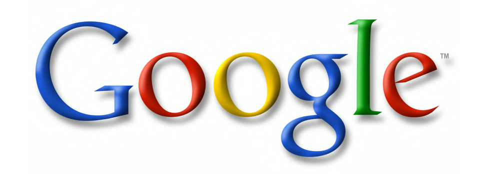
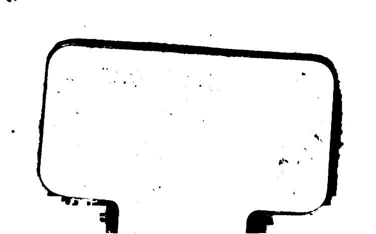






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Les Bijoux Indiſcrets.

OR, THE

Indiſcreet Toys.

Tranſlated from the

CONGESE LANGUAGE

Printed at MONOMOTAPA.

In Two VOLUMES.

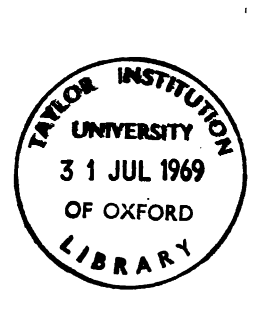
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VOL. I.

TOBAGO:

Re-printed for *Pierrot Ragout*, with the Approbation of *M——l S——xe*, MDCCXLIX.

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TO

ZIMA.

ZIMA, embrace the moment. The Aga *Narkis* entertains your mother, and your governeſs is upon the watch in a balcony for your father's return: take, read, fear nothing. But even tho' the *Bijoux indiſcrets* ſhould be found behind your toilet, do you think it would be a matter of wonder? No, *Zima*, no; it is well known, that the *Sopha*, the *Tanzai*, and the *Confeſſions* have

been under your pillow. Do you hesitate still? Know then, that *Aglaé* has not disdained to set her hand to the work, which you blush to accept. "*Aglaé*, say "you, the sober *Aglaé!*"—The same. While *Zima* was straying with, or perhaps contriving how to get rid of the young *Bonza Alleluia*; *Aglaé* amused herself innocently, by relating to me the adventures of *Zaide*, *Alphana*, *Fannia*, &c — furnished me with the few strokes, which please me in the history of *Mangogul*, revised it, and pointed me out the means of making it better: for if *Aglaé* is one of the most virtuous and least edifying women in *Congo*; she is likewise one of the least jealous of wit, and one of

of the moſt witty. Can *Zima* now think, that it becomes her to play the ſcrupulous? Once more, *Zima*, take, read, read all; even without excepting the narrative of the *Rambling Toy*, which may be interpreted to you, without any expence to your virtue, provided the interpreter be neither your ſpiritual director nor your lover.

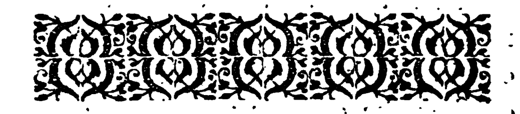


The HEADS *of Chapters of the First* Volume.

Chap.

THE





THE Indiscreet Toys.

CHAP. I.

Birth of Mangogul.

HIAOUF *Zeles Tanzai* had already reigned long in great *Chechianea*, and this voluptuous prince still continued to be the delight of his subjects. *Acajou* king of *Minutia* had undergone the fate predicted by his father: *Zulmis* was no more: the Count *De*——— was still living: *Splendidus*, *Angola*, *Misapouf*, and some other potentates of

the

the *Indies* and *Asia* were carried off by ſudden deaths. The people tired of obeying weak ſovereigns, had ſhaken off the yoke of their poſterity; and the deſcendants of thoſe unfortunate monarchs rambled unknown, or not regarded, in the provinces of their empires. The grandſon of the illuſtrious *Scheherazad* was the only one who maintain'd his throne: and he was obeyed in *Indoſtan* by the name of *Schach Baam*, at the time when *Mangogul* was born in *Congo*. Thus it appears, that the death of ſeveral ſovereigns was the mournful epoch of his birth.

His father *Erguebzed* did not ſummon the Fairies round the cradle of his ſon; becauſe he had obſerved, that moſt of the princes of his time, who had been educated by theſe female intelligences, were no better than fools. He contented himſelf

with

with ordering his nativity to be calculated by one *Codindo*, a perſon fitter for a portrait than an acquaintance.

Codindo, was head of the college of Soothſayers at *Banza*, the ancient capital of the empire. *Erguebzed* had ſettled a large penſion on him, and had granted to him and his deſcendants, on account of the merit of their great uncle, who was an excellent cook, a magnificent caſtle on the frontiers of *Congo*. *Codindo* was appointed to obſerve the flight of birds, and the ſtate of the heavens, and to make a report thereof at court: which office he executed very indifferently. If it be true, that they had at *Banza* the beſt theatrical pieces, and the worſt play-houſes in all *Africa*; in return they had the moſt beautiful college in the world, and the moſt wretched predictions.

Codindo, informed of the buſineſs for which he was ſummoned to *Erguebzed's* palace, ſet out much embarraſſed; for the poor man could no more read the ſtars than you or I. He was expected with impatience. The principal lords of the court were aſſembled in the appartment of the great Sultana. The ladies, magnificently dreſs'd, ſtood round the infant's cradle. The courtiers were hurrying to congratulate with *Erguebzed* on the great things, which he was undoubtedly on the point of hearing concerning his ſon. *Erguebzed* was a father, and thought it quite natural, to diſcern in the unform'd lines of an infant, what he was to be. In fine, *Codindo* arrived. "Draw "near, ſays *Erguebzed* to him: as "ſoon as heaven had granted me "the prince before you, I ordered "the inſtant of his birth to be ex-

"actly

" actly regiſtered, and without doubt
" you have been informed of it.
" Speak ſincerely to your Maſter,
" and tell him boldly the deſtiny
" which heaven has reſerved for his
" Son."

Moſt magnanimous Sultan, anſwered *Codindo*, the prince, born of parents equally illuſtrious and happy, can have no other than a great and fortunate deſtiny: but I ſhould impoſe on your highneſs, if I plumed myſelf with a ſcience which I do not poſſeſs. The ſtars riſe and ſet for me as for the reſt of mankind; and I am not more enlightened in futurity by their means, than the moſt ignorant of your ſubjects.

" But, replied the Sultan, are you not an aſtrologer?" Magnanimous prince, anſwered *Codindo*, I have not that honour.

" What the devil are you then,

 " ſays

" says the old, but passionate *Erguebzed?* An *Aruspex!* By the heavens I did not imagine, that you had so much as thought of it. Believe me, Seigneur *Codindo*, suffer your poultry to feed in quiet, and pronounce on the fate of my son, as you lately did on the cold of my wife's parrot".

Codindo immediately drew a glass out of his pocket, took the infant's left ear, rubb'd his eyes, turn'd his spectacles again and again, peep'd at that ear, did the like to the right ear, and pronounced, " that the young prince's reign would be happy, if it proved long."

" I understand you, replied *Erguebzed*: my son will do the finest things in the world, if he has time. But, zounds! what I want to have told me is, that he will have time. What matter is it to me, after he is

" is dead, that he would have been " the greateſt prince upon earth, had " he lived. I have ſent for you to " caſt my ſon's horoſcope, and you " make me his funeral oration."

Codindo aſſured the prince, that he was ſorry he was not more knowing; but beſeeched his highneſs to conſider, that his knowledge was ſufficient for the little time he had been a conjurer. In effect, the moment before, what was *Codindo*?

CHAP. II.

Education of Mangogul.

I Will paſs lightly over *Mangogul*'s firſt years. The infancy of princes is the ſame with that of the reſt of mankind; with this difference, however, that princes have the gift of ſaying a thouſand pretty things, before they can ſpeak. Thus before

Erguebzed's son was full four years old, he furnished matter for a volume of *Mangogulana*. *Erguebzed*, who was a man of sense, and was resolved that his son's education should not be so much neglected as his own had been, sent betimes for all the great men in *Congo*; as, painters, philosophers, poets, musicians, architects, masters of dancing, mathematicks, history, fencing, &c. Thanks to the happy dispositions of *Mangogul*, and to the constant lessons of his masters, he was ignorant in nothing of what a young prince is wont to learn the first fifteen years of his life; and at the age of twenty he could eat, drink, and sleep, as completely as any potentate of his age.

Erguebzed, whose weight of years began to make him feel the weight of his crown, tired with holding the reins of the empire, frighted at the disturb-

ances

ances which threatened it, full of confidence in the ſuperior qualifications of *Mangogul*, and urged by ſentiments of religion, ſure prognoſtics of the approaching death or imbecillity of the great, deſcended from the throne, to ſeat his ſon thereon: and this good prince thought he was under an obligation of expiating, by a retirement, the crimes of the moſt juſt adminiſtration, of which there is any account in the annals of *Congo*.

Thus it was, that in the year of the world 15,000,000,032,000,021, of the empire of *Congo* 390,000,070,003, began the reign of *Mangogul*, the 1,234,500 of his race in a direct line. Frequent conferences with his miniſters, wars carried on, and the management of affairs, taught him in a very ſhort time what remained for him to know at getting out of the han:s of his pedagogues; and tha: was ſo newhat.

However, in leſs than ten years *Mangogul* acquired the reputation of a great man. He gained battles, ſtormed towns, enlarged his empire, quieted his provinces, repaired the diſorder of his finances, reſtored arts and ſciences, raiſed edifices, immortalized himſelf by uſeful eſtabliſhments, ſtrengthened and corrected the legiſlative power, even founded academies; and, what his univerſity could never comprehend, he executed all theſe great things, without knowing one word of *Latin*.

Mangogul was not leſs amiable in his Seraglio than great on the throne. He did not take it into his head to regulate his conduct by the ridiculous cuſtoms of his country. He broke the gates of the palaces inhabited by his women; he drove out thoſe injurious guards of their virtue; he prudently confided in themſelves

for

for their fidelity: the entrance into their appartments was as free for men as into those of the canonesses of *Flanders*; and doubtless their behaviour as decent. Oh! how good a Sultan he was! There never was his equal, but in some *French* romance. He was mild, affable, chearful, gallant, of a charming figure, a lover of pleasures, cut out for them, and contained more wit and sense in his head, than had been in those of all his predecessors put together.

'Tis easy to judge that, with such uncommon merit, a number of the sex aspired to make him their conquest: Some few succeeded. Those who miss'd his heart, endeavour'd to console themselves with the grandees of the court. Young *Mirzoza* was of the number of the former. I shall not amuse myself with detailing the qualities and charms of *Mirzoza*:

the work would be without end; and I am resolved that this hiſtory ſhall have one.



CHAP. III.

Which may be regarded as the first of this hiſtory.

MIrzoza had already fixed *Mangogul* for ſome years. Theſe lovers had ſaid, and a thouſand times repeated, all that a violent paſſion ſuggeſts to perſons who have the moſt wit. They were got as far as confidences, and they would impute it to themſelves as a crime, to conceal the moſt minute circumſtance of their lives from each other. Theſe ſingular ſuppoſitions, " If heaven, which " has placed me on the throne, had " given me an obſcure low birth, would " you have deign'd to deſcend down to " me,

" me, would *Mirzoza* have crown'd
" me? Should *Mirzoza* happen to
" lose the few charms which she is
" thought to have, would *Mangogul*
" love her still?" These suppositions, I say, which exercise the fancy of ingenious lovers, which sometimes make tender lovers quarrel, and frequently oblige the most sincere lovers to tell untruths, were quite worn out betweeen our pair.

The favorite, who possess'd in a supreme degree, the necessary and uncommon talent of making a good narrative, had drained the scandalous history of *Banza*. As she had not the best constitution, she was not always disposed to receive the Sultan's caresses, nor he always in the humour of offering them. In short, there were some days, in which *Mangogul* and *Mirzoza* had little to say, hardly any thing to do, and in which, without

out any dimunition of love, they amused themselves but indifferently. Those days were rare indeed, but there were some; and this was one of them.

The Sultan was carelessly stretch'd on a sopha, opposite to the favorite, who was knotting in silence. The weather did not permit them to take a walk. *Mangogul* would not venture to propose a party of piquet; and this posture had lasted near a quarter of an hour, when the Sultan, yawning several times, said, "It must be al-
" lowed, that *Geliotta* sung like an
" angel." And that your highness is tired to death, answered the favorite. "No, Madam, replied
" *Mangogul*, endeavouring to smo-
" ther a yawn, the minute that one
" sees you, is not that of tiresome-
" ness." If that is not a polite compliment, 'tis no body's fault but your own,

own, rejoin'd *Mirzoza:* but you ponder, you are abſent, you yawn. Prince, what ails you? "I know "not, ſaid the Sultan." But I gueſs, continued the favorite. I was eighteen, when I had the good fortune to pleaſe you. It is full four years ſince you began to love me. Eighteen and four make twenty-two. Therefore I am now very old. *Mangogul* ſmiled at this calculation. But if I am no longer worth any thing for pleaſure, added *Mirzoza*, I will at leaſt demonſtrate that I am very good for advice. The variety of amuſements which attend you, has not been able to ſecure you againſt diſguſt. You are diſguſted. Prince, there is your diſeaſe. "I do not allow, that you "have hit it off, ſays *Mangogul:* "but ſuppoſing you have, do you know a remedy?" *Mirzoza* anſwered the Sultan, after a moment's pauſe, that

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replied



that his highneſs ſeem'd to take ſo much pleaſure at the narratives ſhe made him of the gallantries of the town, that ſhe was ſorry ſhe had no more to relate to him, or that ſhe was not better informed of thoſe of the court; that ſhe would have tried that expedient, till ſhe thought of ſomewhat better. " I think it a good one, " ſays *Mangogul*: But who knows " the ſtories of all thoſe fools; and " tho' they were known to any, who " could relate them like you?" Let us learn them however, replied *Mirzoza*. Whoſoever it be that tells them, I am certain that your highneſs will gain more by the matter, than you will loſe by the form. " I ſhall " join with you, if you pleaſe, in " fancying the adventures of the " court ladies very diverting, ſays " *Mangogul*: but tho' they were " to be a hundred times more ſo,

" what

" what does that avail, if it be im-
" poſſible to come at them ?" There may be a difficulty in it, anſwers *Mirzoza*, but in my opinion, that is all. The Genius *Cucufa*, your relation and friend, has done greater things. Why do you not conſult him ? " Ah, joy " of my heart, cried the Sultan ! you " are an admirable Creature. I make " no doubt but the Genius will em- " ploy all his power in my favour. " This moment I ſhut myſelf up in " my cloſet, and invoke him."

Accordingly *Mangogul* aroſe, kiſſed the favorite on the left eye, purſuant to the cuſtom of *Congo*, and departed.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Evocation of the Genius.

THE Genius *Cucufa* is an old hypochondriac, who fearing lest the concerns of the world, and dealings with the rest of the genii, might prove an obstacle to his salvation, took refuge in the Void; in order to employ himself quite at leisure on the infinite perfections of the great *Pagoda*, to pinch, scratch and make notches in his flesh, to fret himself into madness, and starve himself to death. In that place he lies on a straw mat, his body tuck'd up in a sack, his flanks squeez'd with a cord, his arms crossed on his breast, and his head sunk into a hood, which suffers nothing to issue but the end of his beard. He sleeps, but

but one would think him in contemplation. All his company is an owl which nods at his feet, ſome rats which gnaw his mat, and bats which hover round his head. The manner of evoking him, is, by repeating, to the ſound of a bell, the firſt verſe of the nocturnal office of the *Bramins*: then he lifts up his hood, rubs his eyes, puts on his ſandals, and ſets out. Figure to yourſelf an old Camaldolian Monk carried in the air by two large horn-owls, which he holds by the legs. In this equipage it was, that *Cucufa* appear'd to the Sultan. " May the bleſſing of *Brama* be with-" in theſe walls, ſays he, bowing." Amen, anſwered the prince. " What " do you want, my ſon?" A very ſmall matter, ſays *Mangogul*; to procure me ſome pleaſure at the expence of the court ladies. " Oh, my ſon! " replied *Cucufa*, you have a larger ap-

" petite

" petite than a whole monaſtery of
" *Bramins*. What do you pretend to
" do with this troop of extravagants ?"
To learn from themſelves their preſent and paſt adventures, that is all. " But
" that is impoſſible, ſays the Genius.
" To have women confeſs their ad-
" ventures, is a thing that never was,
" nor ever will be." Yet it muſt be, added the Sultan. At theſe words, the Genius ſcratching his ear, and combing his long beard with his fingers, fell to thinking. His meditation was ſhort. " My child, ſaid he to *Mangogul*, " I love you, you ſhall be ſa-
" tisfied." Inſtantly he plunged his right hand into a deep pocket made under his arm-pit on the left ſide of his frock, and, together with images, bleſs'd beads, little leaden pagoda's, and muſty ſweatmeats, drew out a ſilver ring, which *Mangogul* at firſt took for one of St. *Hubert*'s rings. " You
" ſee

" see this ring, said he to the Sultan,
" put it on your finger, my child:
" every woman, at whom you shall
" level the stone, will relate her in-
" trigues in a plain, audible voice.
" Do not imagine however, that 'tis
" by the mouth that they are to
" speak?" By what then will they
speak, says *Mangogul?* " By the
" frankest part about them, and the
" best instructed in those things which
" you desire to know, says *Cucufa*;
" by their Toys." By their Toys, re-
plies *Mangogul* bursting into laughter;
that is particular. Talking Toys!
That is an unheard extravagance.
" My son, said the Genius, I have
" performed many greater prodigies
" for your grandfather: therefore
" depend on my word. Go, and
" may *Brama* bless you. Make a
" good use of your secret, and re-
" member that there are ill-placed
" cu-

" curiofities." This faid, the old hypocrite nodded his head, pull'd his hood over his face, took his horn-owls by the legs, and vanifh'd in the air.

CHAP. V.

Mangogul's *dangerous Temptation.*

SCarcely was *Mangogul* in poffeffion of *Cucufa*'s myfterious ring, when he was tempted to make the firft trial of it on the favorite. I forgot to mention, that befides the vertue of obliging the Toys of thofe women, on whom he turn'd the ftone, to fpeak, it had that alfo of rendering the perfon invifible, who wore it on the little finger. Thus could *Mangogul* tranfport himfelf in the twinkling of an eye to a thoufand places where he was

not expected, and with his own eyes see many things, which are frequently transacted without witnesses. He had nothing more to do than to put on his ring, and say I desire to be in such a place, and he was there in an instant. Behold him then in *Mirzoza*'s bed-chamber.

Mirzoza, who gave over all hopes of the Sultan's company, was in bed. *Mangogul* approach'd her pillow softly, and saw by the glimmering light of a night taper, that she was asleep. " Good, say he, she sleeps, let us " quickly shift the ring on another " finger, resume our natural shape, " turn the stone on this fair sleeper, " and awake her Toy a little while.--- " But what stops me? --- I tremble.--- " Is it possible that *Mirzoza*? --- No, " it is not possible, *Mirzoza* is faith- " ful to me. Fly from me, inju- " rious suspicions, I will not, I ought

" not

"not to heed ye." He ſaid, and put his fingers on the ring: but taking them off as haſtily as if it had been fire, he cried within himſelf. "What do I do, wretched man! I "inſult *Cucufa*'s advice. For the "ſake of ſatisfying a ſilly curioſity, "I am going to run the hazard of "loſing my miſtreſs and my life. If "her Toy ſhould be in the humor "of talking extravagantly, I ſhould "never ſee her more, and I ſhould "dye of grief. And who knows "what a Toy may have in its ſoul?" *Mangogul*'s agitation made him in ſome meaſure forget himſelf: he pronounced theſe laſt words pretty loud, and the favorite awoke. "Ah, "Prince, ſaid ſhe, leſs ſurprized than "charmed at his preſence, you are "here. Why did you not ſend me "notice? Muſt you condeſcend to "wait for my awaking?"

Man-

Mangogul anſwered the favorite by relating the ſucceſs of his interview with *Cucufa*, ſhew'd her the ring, and did not conceal one of its properties from her. "Ah! what a diabolical "ſecret has he given you, cry'd "*Mirzoza!* But pray, Prince, do "you intend to make any uſe of it." How, ſaid the Sultan, do I intend to uſe it? I ſhall begin by you, if you argue with me. At theſe terrible words the favorite turn'd pale, trembled, recover'd herſelf, and conjured the Sultan by *Brama*, and all the Pagoda's of the *Indies* and *Congo*, not to try the experiment on her of a ſecret power, which indicated a diffidence of her fidelity. "If I have "been conſtantly honeſt, continued "ſhe, my Toy will not ſpeak a word, "and you will have done me ſuch an "injury as I ſhall never forgive. If "it happens to ſpeak, I ſhall loſe

"your esteem and heart, and that will
"make you run distracted. Hitherto
"you have, in my opinion, found
"your account in our connection;
"why would you run the risk of
"breaking it off? Prince, believe
"me. Follow the advice of the
"Genius; he has had great expe-
"rience, and advices of Genius are
"always good to follow."

This is exactly what I was saying to myself, answered *Mangogul*, when you awoke. And yet if you had slept two minutes longer, I cannot answer for what might have happened.

"What would have happened,
"says *Mirzoza*, is, that my Toy
"would have given you no informa-
"tion, and that you would have lost
"me for ever."

That may be, replied *Mangogul*; but now that I have a full view of the danger

danger which I incurred, I ſolemnly ſwear to you by the eternal *Pagoda*, that you ſhall be excepted from the number of thoſe, on whom I ſhall turn the ring.

At theſe words *Mirzoza* brightened up, and fell to joking at the expence of the Toys which the Prince ſhould hereafter interrogate. " *Cydaliſa*'s " Toy, ſaid ſhe, has many ſtories to " tell, and if it be as indiſcreet as its " miſtreſs, it will not require much " intreaty. *Haria*'s Toy is no longer " of this world, and your highneſs " will obtain no tales from it of " freſher date than the days of my " grandmother. As for that of *Glauce*, " I believe it is a proper one to be " conſulted. She is a coquet and " pretty." And for that reaſon preciſely it is, replied the Sultan, that her Toy will be mute. " Why then, " ſaid the Sultana, apply to that of

" *Phedima*, ſhe is ugly, and loves " gallantry." Yes, continued the Sultan; and ſo ugly, that one muſt be as ill-natured as you, to accuſe her of gallantry. *Phedima* is ſober; 'tis I who ſay it, and who know ſomething of the matter. " As ſober as " you pleaſe, replied the favorite, " but ſhe has a ſort of grey eyes that " ſpeak the contrary." Her eyes belye her, ſaid the Sultan warmly. You tire my patience with your *Phedima*. Might not one ſay, that there is no other Toy but this to examine. " But " may I preſume, without offending " your highneſs, added *Mirzoza*, to " aſk which is the firſt you intend to " honour with your choice." We ſhall ſee anon, ſaid *Mangogul*, in the circle of the *Manimonbanda*, (the Congeſe name of the great Sultana.) We ſhall have a good deal of work upon our hands; and when we happen

pen to be tired of the Toys of my court, we may chance make a tour thro' *Banza*. Poſſibly we may find thoſe of the city women more reaſonable than thoſe of dutcheſſes. " Prince, " ſaid *Mirzoza*, I have ſome ac- " quaintance with the former, and " can aſſure you, that they are only " more circumſpect." We ſhall ſoon hear from them: but I cannot refrain from laughter, continued *Mangogul*, when I think on the confuſion and ſurprize of theſe women at the firſt words of their Toys, ha, ha, ha! Remember, delight of my ſoul, that I ſhall expect you at the great Sultana's, and that I ſhall make no uſe of my ring till you are come. " Prince, " ſaid *Mirzoza*, I rely on the pro- " miſe you have made me." *Mangogul* ſmiled at her allarm, reiterated his promiſe, ſealed them with kiſſes, and retired.

CHAP. VI.

First Trial of the Ring.

ALCINA.

MAngogul arrived before her at the great Sultana's, and found all the ladies very busy at cards. He survey'd all those, whose reputation was establish-ed, fully resolved to try his ring on one of them, and his only difficulty was in the choice. While he was in suspence by whom to begin, he spied a young lady of the houshold of the *Manimonbanda* in a window. She was toying with her husband; which ap-pear'd singular to the Sultan, inas-much as they had been married above eight days. They had made their ap-pearance in the same box at the Opera, in the same coach at the *Bois de Boulogne*, they

they had finiſhed their viſits; and the faſhion of the times exempted them from loving or even meeting each other. " If this Toy, ſays *Man-* " *gogul*, is as ſilly as its miſtreſs, we " ſhall have a diverting ſoliloquy." At this inſtant the favorite appear'd. " Welcome, ſaid the Sultan to her " in a whiſper. I have caſt my " lead, waiting for you." And on whom, aſk'd *Mirzoza?* " On that " couple which you ſee ſporting in that " window, anſwer'd *Mangogul* with a " wink." Well ſet out, replied the favorite.

Alcina, for that was the young lady's name, was ſprightly and pretty. The Sultan's court had few women more amiable, and not one of a gayer diſpoſition. One of the Sultan's Emirs had filled his head with her. He was not left in ignorance of what the chronicle had publiſhed concern-

ing *Alcina*: the report alarm'd him, but he followed the cuſtom: he conſulted his miſtreſs about it. *Alcina* ſwore, that it was pure calumny invented by ſome coxcombs, who would have been ſilent, if they had had any reaſon for talking; but however, that there was no harm done, and that he was at full liberty to believe it or not, as he thought proper. This anſwer, delivered with an air of confidence, convinced the amorous Emir of his miſtreſs's innocence. He cloſed the affair, and aſſumed the title of *Alcina*'s huſband with all its prerogatives.

The Sultan levell'd his ring at her. A loud burſt of laughter, which ſeized *Alcina* at ſome comical ſaying of her huſband, was ſuddenly cut ſhort by the operation of the ring; and immediately a murmuring noiſe was heard under her petticoats.

"Well,

"Well, now I am titled. Truly I am "glad on't. Nothing like having a "rank. "If my firſt advices had "been heeded, I ſhould have been "provided with ſomething better "than an Emir: but yet an Emir is "better than nothing." At theſe words all the ladies quitted the game, to ſeek from what quarter the voice iſſued. This movement made a great noiſe. "Silence, ſays *Mango-*"*gul*, this deſerves attention." They obeyed, and the Toy continued. "One would be apt to think, that a "huſband is a gueſt of great im-"portance, by the precautions which "are taken to receive him. What "preparatives! What profuſion of "myrtle water! Another fortnight "of this regimen would have de-"moliſhed me. I had diſappeared, "and the Emir might have ſought "lodgings elſewhere, or have ſhip-

" ped me off for the iſland *Jonquille.*"
Here my author ſays, that all the ladies grew pale, look'd at each other in deep ſilence, and grew vaſtly ſerious; which he aſcribes to their fear, leſt the converſation ſhould grow warm, and become general. " Yet, continued
" *Alcina*'s Toy, in my opinion the
" Emir did neither require nor ſtand
" in need of ſo many formalities:
" but I muſt ſtill acknowledge the
" prudence of my miſtreſs. She
" guarded againſt the worſt, and I
" was treated for the great lord as for
" his little page."

The Toy was on the point of continuing its extavagant harangue, when the Sultan, obſerving that this ſtrange ſcene ſhock'd the modeſt *Manimonbanda*, interrupted the orator by turning off the ring. The Emir had vaniſh'd at the firſt words of his wife's Toy. *Alcina*, without be-

being diſconcerted, pretended to take a nap: mean while the ladies whiſpered that ſhe had the vapours. " Yes, ſays a *Petit-maitre*, —— Va-
" pours: *Ch*———*y* calls them hy-
" ſterics, as much as to ſay, things
" which come from the lower region.
" For this caſe he has a divine elixir;
" it is a principle, principiating,
" principiated, which revives———
" which——I will propoſe it to the
" lady." The company laugh'd at this gibberiſh, and our Cynic reſumed. " Nothing more true, ladies: I,
" who ſpeak, have uſed it for a de-
" perdition of ſubſtance." A deperdition of ſubſtance, good marquiſs, ſaid a young perſon, pray what is that? " Madam, replied the mar-
" quiſs, it is one of thoſe caſual ac-
" cidents which happen——— but
" every body knows it."

By this time the pretended drowzineſs went off. *Alcina* ſat down to play with as much intrepidity as if her Toy either had not ſpoken a word, or had made the fineſt ſpeech in the world. Nay, ſhe was the only lady that play'd without diſtraction. This ſitting was worth a conſiderable ſum to her. The reſt did not know what they were about, could not count the dots on the cards, forgot their reckonings, neglected their good luck, dealt wrong, and committed a hundred other miſtakes, of which *Alcina* took the advantage. In fine, they broke up play, and every one withdrew.

This adventure made great noiſe not only at court and in town, but all over *Congo*. Epigrams were handed about on it. The diſcourſe of *Alcina*'s Toy was publiſhed, reviſed, corrected, enlarged and commented by the Agreeables of the court. The

Emir

Emir was lampoon'd, and his wife immortalized. She was pointed at in the play-houſe, and followed in the public walks. People flock'd about her, and ſhe heard them buzzing: "Yes, 'tis ſhe: her Toy made a "diſcourſe two hours long." *Alcina* bore her new reputation with admirable tranquillity. She liſtened to theſe expreſſions, and many more, with a ſerenity, which the reſt of the women could not ſhew. They were every moment under apprehenſions of ſome indiſcretions being committed by their Toys: but the adventure of the following chapter compleated their confuſion.

As ſoon as the company had broke up, *Mangogul* gave his hand to the favorite, and conducted her to her appartment. She was far from having that lively chearful air, which ſeldom quitted her. She had loſt conſiderably

at play, and the effect of the dreadful ring had plunged her into a pensivenefs, out of which fhe was not yet thoroughly recovered. She knew the Sultan's curiofity, and fhe had not fufficient confidence in the promifes of a man lefs amorous than defpotic, to be free from uneafinefs. "What ails you, my foul's delight, "faid *Mangogul?* You are penfive." I played with bad luck without example, anfwered *Mirzoza.* I loft the poffibility. I had twelve *tableaux*, and I don't think I mark'd three times. "That is vexatious, replied "*Mangogul*; but what think you of "my fecret?" Prince, faid the favorite, I perfift in deeming it diabolical. Doubtlefs it will amufe you, but that amufement will be attended with difmal confequences. You are going to fpread difcord in every family, undeceive hufbands, throw lovers

vers into deſpair, ruin wives, diſhonour daughters, and raiſe a thouſand other hurly-burlys. Ah! Prince, I conjure you.——" By the light, ſaid " *Mangogul*, you moralize like *Nicole!* " I would be glad to know why the " concern for your neighbour touches " you ſo to the quick. No, no, " madam; I will keep my ring. " And what do I matter thoſe huſ- " bands undeceived, thoſe lovers " thrown into deſpair, thoſe wives " ruined, thoſe daughters diſhonour- " ed, provided I amuſe myſelf. Am " I then a Sultan for nothing? Good " night, madam, we muſt hope " that future ſcenes will be more co- " mic than the firſt, and that you " will take more pleaſure in them by " degrees." I do not believe it, ſir, replied *Mirzoza.* " And for my " part, I promiſe you, that you " will find pleaſant Toys, nay, ſo

" plea-

" pleaſant, that you cannot refuſe
" giving them audience. And what
" would you do, if I ſent them to you
" in quality of ambaſſadors ? I will,
" if you deſire it, ſpare you the
" trouble of their harangues ; but
" as to the recital of their adven-
" tures, you ſhall hear it either from
" their own mouths or mine. 'Tis a
" determined point ; and I can abate
" nothing of it. Reſolve to fami-
" liarize yourſelf with theſe new
" ſpeech-makers." At theſe words
he embraced her, and went into his
cloſet, reflecting on the trial he had
made, and devoutly thanking the Ge-
nius *Cucufa*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Second trial of the Ring. The ALTARS.

THE next evening there was to be a private ſupper in *Mirzoza*'s apartment. The perſons invited came early. Before the prodigy of the preceding day, people came by inclination; this night they came purely out of politeneſs. All the ladies had an air of conſtraint, and ſpoke in monoſyllables. They were upon the watch, and expected every moment, that ſome Toy would join in converſation. Notwithſtanding their itch of bringing *Alcina*'s odd adventure on the carpet, none of them dared to undertake opening the topic. Not that they were reſtrained by her pre-

presence: tho' included in the supper-list, she did not appear; it was judged that she had a swimming in her head. However, whether it was that they became less apprehensive of danger, as the whole day long they had heard no body speak but from the mouth; or whether they affected to appear courageous, the conversation revived, the women most suspected composed their countenances, put on an air of assurance, and *Mirzoza* ask'd the courtier *Zegris*, if he knew any entertaining news. "Madam, replied *Zegris*, you have "been informed of a match between "the *Aga Chazour* and young *Siberina*: I assure you it is broke off." Upon what account, interrupted the favorite? "On account of a strange "voice, continued *Zegris*, which "*Chazour* says he heard at the toilet "of his princess. Since yesterday, the "Su-

" Sultan's court is full of people, who
" go with their ears cock'd, in hopes
" of catching, I can't ſay how, ſuch
" declarations, as moſt certainly the
" perſons concerned have no inclina-
" tion to make them."

That is ſilly, replied the favorite. *Alcina*'s misfortune, if it be one, is far from being averred. We have not got to the bottom——

" Madam, interrupted *Zelmaida*,
" I have heard her moſt diſtinctly.
" She ſpoke without opening her
" mouth. The facts were well arti-
" culated, and it was not very diffi-
" cult to gueſs whence this extraor-
" dinary ſound iſſued. I aſſure you,
" that I ſhould have died, were I in
" her place."

Died! replied *Zegris*. Folks ſurvive other ſorts of accidents. " How,
" cried *Zelmaida*? Can there be a
" more dreadful one than the indiſ-
" cretion

"cretion of a Toy? Well, there is "no medium left. One must either "renounce gallantry, or resolve to "pass for a woman of pleasure." Indeed, said *Mirzoza*, the option is severe. "No, no, madam, replied "another lady, you will see that wo-"men will fix their resolution. They "will allow Toys to prate as much "as they please; and will go their "own way, without troubling them-"selves with what the world shall "say. And after all, what does it "signify, whether it be a woman's "Toy or her lover that proves indis-"creet? Are things less exposed?"

Upon a serious consideration of the whole affair, continued a third, if a woman's adventures must be divulged, 'tis better it should happen by her Toy than her lover.

The notion is singular, said the favorite; and true, replied she who had

had broach'd it: for, pray, obſerve that a lover is generally diſſatisfied, before he becomes indiſcreet, and therefore tempted to be revenged by exaggerating every thing: whereas a Toy talks without paſſion, and adds nothing to the truth.

" For my part, ſaid *Zelmaida*, I " am not of that opinion. In this " caſe it is not ſo much the impor- " tance of the depoſitions, as the " ſtrength of the evidence, that ruins " the criminal. A lover, who by his " diſcourſe diſhonours the Altar, on " which he has ſacrificed, is a kind " of impious perſon, who deſerves " no credit: but if the altar lifts up " its voice, what anſwer can be " made."

That the altar knows not what it ſays, replied the ſecond. *Manima*, hitherto mute, broke ſilence, in order to ſay in a dragging, lazy tone: " Ah!

" Ah! let my Altar, ſince you call it
" ſo, ſpeak or be ſilent, I fear no-
" thing from its talk."

Mangogul enter'd that very inſtant, and *Monima*'s laſt words did not eſcape him. He levell'd his Ring at her, and her Toy was heard to cry out: " Do not believe her, ſhe lies." Her female neighbours, gazing at each other, aſk'd whoſe Toy it was that made this anſwer. 'T is not mine, ſaid *Zelmaida*; nor mine, ſaid another; nor mine, ſaid *Monima*; nor mine, ſaid the Sultan. Every one, and the favorite among the reſt, perſiſted in the negative.

The Sultan, taking the advantage of this incertainty, and addreſſing the ladies, ſaid: " You have Altars then? " Pray, how are they feaſted?" As he was ſpeaking, he nimbly turn'd his Ring ſucceſſively on all the women except *Mirzoza*; and every one

of

of their Toys anſwering in its turn, theſe words were heard in different tones. "I am frequented, batter'd, "abandon'd, perfum'd, fatigu'd, ill "ſerv'd, diſguſted, &c." They all ſpoke their word, but ſo precipitately, that no juſt application could be made. Their jargon, ſometimes rumbling, ſometimes yelping, accompanied with loud laughs of *Mangogul* and his courtiers, made a noiſe of a new kind. The ladies agreed with a very grave air, that it was very diverting. "How, ſaid the Sultan, ſure we "are too happy, that the Toys deign "to ſpeak our language, and furniſh "half the expence of the converſa-"tion. Society muſt be a conſider-"able gainer by this duplication of "organs. Poſſibly we men ſhall "ſpeak alſo in our turn, by ſomething "elſe beſides our mouths. Who "knows? What agrees ſo perfectly

"well

" well with Toys, may happen to be " destin'd to make questions and re- " sponses to them: nevertheless my " anatomist is of a different opinion."

CHAP. VIII.

Third trial of the Ring.

The Private Supper.

SUPPER was served up, the company sate down at table, and at first they diverted themselves at *Monima*'s charge: all the women unanimously agreed that her Toy had spoke first; and she must have sunk under this confederacy, had not the Sultan taken her part. " I do not " pretend, said he, that *Monima* is " less gallant than *Zelmaida*; but I be- " lieve her Toy has more discretion. " Besides, when the mouth and Toy

" of

" of a woman contradict each other, " which to believe?" Sir, replied a courtier, I know not what Toys will say hereafter; but hitherto they have explain'd themselves on a subject, which is very familiar to them. As long as they shall have the prudence to speak of nothing but what they understand, I shall believe them as so many oracles. " Others, said *Mir-* " *zoza*, of greater authenticity might " be consulted." Pray, madam, replied *Mangogul*, what interest can these have in disguising the truth? Nothing but a chimera of honour could be their motive: but a Toy has none of these chimeras. That is not the place of prejudices. " A chimera of honour, " said *Mirzoza*, prejudices! If your " highness had been exposed to the " same inconveniences with us, you " would become sensible, that what- " ever touches virtue, is far from be-

" ing chimerical." All the ladies, encouraged by the Sultana's anſwer, inſiſted that it was ſuperfluous to put them to certain proofs ; and *Mangogul*, that theſe proofs were generally dangerous at leaſt.

This converſation uſhered in the champagne : it moved briſkly round, they plied it cloſe, and it warmed the Toys. Then it was that *Mangogul* had intended to reſume his frolicks. He turn'd his ring on a very gay ſprightly young lady, who ſate pretty near him, and directly oppoſite to her huſband : and immediately iſſued from under the table a plaintive noiſe, a weak languiſhing voice, which ſaid : " Oh, how I am harraſſed ! I can " bear it no longer, I am at death's " door." How, by the *Pagoda Pongo Sabiam*, cried *Huſſeim*, my wife's Toy ſpeaks, and what can it ſay ? We are going to hear, anſwered the

the Sultan.——“ Prince, you will
“ permit me not to be of the number
“ of its auditors, replied *Hussein*;
“ for if any thing ridiculous drop'd
“ from it, do you think?”——I
think you are a fool, said the Sultan, to alarm yourself at the prattle
of a Toy: do we not know a good
part of what it can say, and may we
not guess the rest? Sit down, then,
and endeavour to divert yourself.

Hussein sat down, and his wife's
Toy began to prate like a magpye.
“ Shall I eternally have this huge
“ *Flandrian Valanto?* I have seen
“ some who have made an end; but
“ this man”——At these words
Hussein arose in a fury, snatch'd up a
knife, sprang to the other side of the
table; and would have pierced his
wife's breast, if his neighbours had
not prevented him. “ *Hussein*, said
“ the Sultan, you make too much

"noiſe: the company cannot hear. "Might not one ſay, that your wife's "Toy is the only one that has not "common ſenſe? And what would "become of theſe ladies, if their huſ-"bands were of your humour? How! "you are out of your wits for a piti-"ful little adventure of one *Valanto*, "who never made an end. Return "to your ſeat, behave like a man "of honour; ſee that you watch "yourſelf, and not commit a ſecond "failure before a prince, who admits "you to his pleaſures."

While *Huſſeim*, ſtifling his rage, was leaning on the back of a chair, his eyes ſhut, and his hand on his fore-head; the Sultan dexterouſly levell'd his Ring, and the Toy went on. "*Valanto*'s young page would ſuit "me pretty well: but I know not "when he will begin. In the mean "time till the one begins, and the

"other makes an end, I practiſe pa-
"tience with the *Bramin Egon.* He
"is a frightful figure, I muſt own:
"but his talent is to make an end
"and begin again. Oh, what a
"great man a *Bramin* is!"

By the time the Toy had got as far as this exclamation, *Huſſeim* bluſh'd to fret for a woman who was ſo unworthy, and fell a laughing with the reſt of the company; but he kept ſomething in reſerve for his ſpouſe. The entertainment being over, every one went home directly, except *Huſſeim*, who conducted his wife into a houſe of veiled maidens, and there ſhut her up. *Mangogul* being inform'd of her diſgrace paid her a viſit. He found the whole community buſy in comforting her, but ſtill more in trying to get the ſecret of her exile from her. "'Tis for a mere trifle, ſaid ſhe, "that I am here. Being laſt night at

 "ſupper

" ſupper with the Sultan, the *Cham-*
" *pagne* was whip'd about, the *To-*
" *kay* gallop'd, people hardly knew
" what they ſaid, when my Toy muſt
" needs fall to prating. I do not re-
" member on what ſubject it talk'd,
" but it made my huſband take dud-
" geon."

To be ſure, Madam, he is in the wrong, replied the nuns: people ought not to put themſelves into ſuch paſſions for trifles! —— How! your Toy has ſpoke. Pray does it ſpeak ſtill? How charm'd we ſhould be to hear it! It muſt certainly expreſs itſelf with wit and a good grace. They were gratified: for the Sultan turn'd his ring on the poor recluſe, and her Toy thank'd them for their civilities; proteſting to them at the ſame time, that how pleaſed ſoever it was with their company, that of a *Bramin* would ſuit it better.

The

The Sultan embraced the opportunity, to learn some particulars of the life of these Virgins. His Ring interrogated the Toy of a young recluse, whose name was *Cleanthis*; and the pretended virgin-Toy confessed two gardeners, a *Bramin*, and three cavaliers; and related how by the assistance of a purging draught and two bleedings, she had escaped giving scandal. *Zephirina* owned, by the organ of her Toy, that she was indebted to the errand-boy of the house, for the honourable title of mother. But one thing that astonish'd the Sultan, was, that tho' those sequester'd Toys expressed themselves in very indecent terms; the virgins, to whom they belong'd, heard them without blushing: which made him conjecture, that if they failed of the practical part in those retreats, they had in return a large share of speculation.

In order to clear up this point, he turn'd his ring on a novice between fifteen and ſixteen years of age. " *Flora*, ſaid her Toy, has more " than once ogled a young officer " thro' the grate. I am certain that " ſhe had an inclination for him. " Her little finger told me ſo." This was a mortifying ſtroke for *Flora*. The ancient ladies condemned her to two months ſilence and diſcipline; and ordered prayers, that the Toys of the community might remain mute.

CHAP. IX.

The ſtate of the academy of ſciences at Banza.

MAngogul had ſcarcely quitted the recluſes, among whom I left him, when a report was ſpread thro'

thro' *Banza*, that the virgins of the congregation of *Brama*'s Coccyx, ſpoke by their Toys. This report, to which *Huſſeim*'s violent proceedings had given credit, rouzed the curioſity of the learned. The phænomenon was thoroughly examined and allowed: and the freethinkers began to ſeek in the properties of matter, the reaſons of a fact, which they had at firſt deemed impoſſible. The tattle of the Toys gave birth to a great number of excellent works; and this important ſubject ſwell'd the collections of the academies with ſeveral memoirs, which may be eſteemed the utmoſt efforts of human underſtanding.

In order to model and perpetuate that of *Banza*, invitations with ſuitable encouragement had been, and ſtill continued to be, given to all perſons of the brighteſt parts in *Congo*, *Monoëmugi*, *Beleguanza*, and the

circumjacent kingdoms. It took in, under different titles, all thoſe who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in natural hiſtory, natural philoſophy, mathematicks, and the greateſt part of thoſe, who promiſed to make a figure in them one time or other. This ſwarm of indefatigable bees labour'd inceſſantly in the reſearch of truth, and every year the public reaped the fruits of their labours in a volume full of diſcoveries.

It was at that time divided into two factions, the one compoſed of Vorticiſts, and the other of Attractioniſts. *Olibrio*, an able geometrician and great natural philoſopher, founded the ſect of the Vorticiſts. *Circino*, an able natural philoſopher and great geometrician, was the firſt Attractioniſt. Both *Olibrio* and *Circino* propoſed to explain nature. *Olibrio*'s principles have at firſt ſight a certain air of ſimpli-

plicity, which ſeduces: in the groſs they account for the principal phænomena, but they contradict themſelves in the detail. As for *Circino*, he ſeems to ſet out upon an abſurdity; but 'tis the firſt ſtep alone that is expenſive. The minute details, which ruin *Olibrio*'s ſyſtem, eſtabliſh his. He follows a road, dark at entrance, but which grows more lightſome according as a perſon advances. On the contrary, that of *Olibrio*, lightſome at entrance, grows darker and darker. The philoſophy of the latter requires leſs ſtudy than underſtanding. One cannot be a diſciple of the former, without a large ſhare of underſtanding and ſtudy. One enters without preparation into *Olibrio*'s ſchool; every body has the key of it. That of *Circino* is open to none but geometricians of the firſt claſs. *Olibrio*'s *Vortices* are within the

 reach

reach of all capacities. *Circino*'s central powers are made for firſt rate Algebraiſts only. Wherefore there will always be an hundred Vorticiſts for one Attractioniſt; and one Attractioniſt will always be worth an hundred Vorticiſts. Such was the ſtate of the academy of ſciences at *Banza*, when it handled the ſubject of the indiſcreet Toys.

This phænomenon was very ſlippery: it dodged the attraction, and the ſubtile matter could not come within reach of it. In vain did the preſident ſummon all thoſe who had any notions, to communicate them: a profound ſilence reigned in the aſſembly. At length *Perſiflo* the Vorticiſt, who had publiſhed treatiſes on many ſubjects, which he did not underſtand, roſe up and ſaid: "The fact, gentle-"men, might well agree with the ſy-"ſtem of the world. I ſhould ſuſpect

"that

" that it has in general the ſame
" cauſe with the tides. For pray
" take notice, that this day is the
" equinoctial full moon. But before
" I can depend on my conjecture, I
" muſt wait to hear what the Toys
" will ſay next month."

The company ſhrug'd their ſhoulders: they dared not remonſtrate to him, that he reaſoned like a Toy; but as he is a man of penetration he perceived in an inſtant that they thought as much.

The Attractioniſt *Reciproco* opened, and ſaid: " Gentlemen, I have tables
" calculated by a theory on the
" highth of the tides in every port
" of the kingdom. True it is, that
" obſervations ſomewhat bely my cal-
" culations: but I flatter myſelf
" that this ſmall inconvenience will
" be repaired by the advantage that
" will reſult from them, if the tattle

" of Toys continues to square with
" the phænomena of the ebb and
" flow."

A third person started up, went to the board, traced his figure, and said: let a Toy be A B, and——

Here the ignorance of the translators has deprived us of a demonstration, which without doubt the *African* author had preserv'd. After a blank of about two pages, we read: *Reciproco*'s reasoning was thought demonstrative; and it was unanimously agreed, from the essays he had given on dialectics, that he would be able one day or other to make this deduction: women have from time immemorial heard with their ears: therefore they ought at this day to speak by their Toys.

Doctor *Orcotomus*, of the tribe of Anatomists, spoke next, and said: " Gentlemen, I am of opinion, that
" it

" it would be properer to drop a phæ-
" nomenon, than to seek its cause in
" vapory hypotheses. For my part,
" I would not have open'd my mouth,
" if I had nought but trifling con-
" jectures to offer: but I have ex-
" amined, studied, meditated. I
" have seen Toys in the paroxysm,
" and I am got so far, by means of
" my knowledge of the parts, and
" experience, as to be convinced, that
" that which in *Greek* we call *Delphys*,
" has all the properties of the wind-
" pipe, and that there are some who
" can speak as well by the Toy as by
" the mouth. Yes, gentlemen, the
" *Delphys* is a string and wind instru-
" ment; but much more a string than
" a wind one. The outward air,
" which lights on it, properly does
" the office of a bow on the tendi-
" nous fibres of the wings, which I
" shall call ribbons or vocal strings. The
" gentle

" gentle collifion of this air and the
" vocal ftrings puts them into a
" trembling motion ; and it is by
" their quicker or flower vibrations,
" that they utter different founds.
" The perfon modifies thefe founds at
" difcretion, fpeaks, and even might
" fing.

" As there are but two ribbons or
" vocal ftrings, and as they are to the
" eye of equal length, it will doubt-
" lefs be afk'd, how they fuffice to
" give the multitude of founds, grave
" and acute, ftrong and weak, of
" which the human voice is capable.
" I anfwer, in purfuing the compa-
" rifon of this organ with mufical in-
" ftruments, that their lengthening
" and fhortening are fufficient to pro-
" duce thefe effects.

" That thefe parts are capable of
" diftention and contraction, is need-
" lefs to be demonftrated in an affem-

" bly of Literati of your rank: but " that in confequence of this diften- " tion and contraction, the *Delphys* " can utter founds more or lefs acute; " in a word, all the inflexions of the " voice, and modulation of finging; " is a fact, which I flatter myfelf I " fhall put out of doubt. My appeal is " to experiments. Yes, gentlemen, " I engage to make both a *Delphys* " and a Toy reafon, fpeak, nay, and " fing too, before ye."

Thus harangued *Orcotomus*, promifing to himfelf nothing lefs than to raife the Toys to the level of the wind-pipes of one of his learned brethren, whofe fuccefs jealoufy had attack'd in vain.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Less learned and less tedious than the preceding. Continuation of the academical sitting.

BY the difficulties started against *Orcotomus*, before he could make his experiments, it appeared, that his notions were judged to have less of solidity than ingenuity. " If " Toys have the faculty of speech na- " turally, say they, why have they " not made use of it till now? If it " was an effect of the goodness of " *Brama*, who has been pleased to " endow women with so strong a " desire of talking, to double the or- " gans of speech in them; it is " very strange, that they have so " long been ignorant of, or at least " ne-

"neglected this valuable gift of na-
"ture. Why has not the same Toy
"spoke more than once? Why has
"none of them spoke of aught but
"the same subject? By what mecha-
"nism does it fall out, that one of
"the mouths is forcibly kept shut,
"while the other speaks? Moreover,
"added they, if we judge of the
"prattle of Toys by the circumstan-
"ces, in which most of them have
"spoken, and by the things they
"have told; there is all the reason
"in the world to believe it involun-
"tary, and that those parts would
"continue mute, if it had been in
"the power of their possessors to im-
"pose silence on them."

Orcotomus arose to answer these objections, and insisted that Toys talk'd in all ages; but so low, that what they said was hardly heard, even by those to whom they belong'd. That it is

not

not ſurprizing, that they have raiſed their voice in our days, when the freedom of converſation is carried ſo high, that one may without impudence and indiſcretion converſe on thoſe things, which are the moſt familiar to them: that if they have ſpoke audibly but once, we are not to infer that that will be the only time. That there is a vaſt difference between being mute and keeping ſilence; that if they have talk'd but on one and the ſame ſubject only, probably the reaſon is, that it is the only one, of which they have ideas. That thoſe who have not ſpoke as yet, will ſpeak. That if they remain ſilent, it is becauſe they have nothing to ſay, or that they are ill made, or want ideas and terms.

In a word, continued he, to pretend that it was an effect of the goodneſs of *Brama* to grant to women the means

means of gratifying their ſtrong deſire of talking, by multiplying in them the organs of ſpeech; is to grant, that if this benefaction drag'd any inconveniences after it, it was an effect of his wiſdom to prevent them: and this he has done, by compelling one of the mouths to keep ſilence, while the other ſpeaks. It is already but too inconvenient for us, that women change their mind from one inſtant to another: what then would it have been, if *Brama* had left them the power of being of two contradictory ſentiments at the ſame time? Further, the gift of ſpeech has been given, purely in order to be underſtood; but the women, who find it a difficult taſk to underſtand one another with a ſingle mouth each, how could they poſſibly do it, if they ſpoke with two at a time?

Thus

Thus *Orcotomus* answered several things, and thought he had given satisfactory solutions to all difficulties: but he was mistaken. New doubts were raised, and he was on the point of sinking under them; when *Cimonazes* came to his assistance. Then the dispute became tumultuous. They stray'd wide of the question, they bewilder'd themselves, they return'd, they bewilder'd themselves a second time, they grew angry, they brawled; from brawling they pass'd to injurious words, and the academical sitting ended.

CHAP. XI.

Fourth trial of the Ring.

The Echo.

WHILE the prattle of the Toys employed the academy, in other companies it became the news of the day, and the subject of the morrow, and of several succeeding days. It was an inexhaustible text. True facts were blended with false; every thing went down, the prodigy had removed all incredulity. In conversation people lived on it upwards of six months.

The Sultan had made but three trials of his ring; and yet, in a circle of ladies who were allowed a stool at the *Manimonbanda*'s, one of them related a discourse held by the Toy

Toy of a prefident's lady, next that of a marchionefs, then fhe difclofed the pious fecrets of a devotee, in fine thofe of feveral women who were not there: and God knows the ftories that were father'd on their Toys; nor was there any parcimony of fmutty tales. From facts they came to reflections. " I muft confefs, fays one " of thofe ladies, that this witchcraft " (for it is a fpell caft on Toys) keeps " us in a cruel ftate. How! to be " eternally under apprehenfions of " hearing an impertinent voice iffuing " from one's felf." But madam, anfwered another, this fright aftonifhes us with regard to you. When a Toy has nothing ridiculous to tell, what does it fignify, whether it be filent or fpeak? " It fignifies fo much, replied the firft, that I would freely " give half my jewels, to be affured " that mine will never fpeak." Surely,

ly, replied the second, there must be substantial reasons for keeping measures with people, to purchase their discretion at so high a price. "I "have not better reasons than another, said *Cephisa*: and yet I do "not eat my words. Twenty thousand crowns, is not too large a "sum to buy tranquillity: for I will "frankly own, that I have not more "confidence in my Toy than in my "mouth, and many silly things have "slipt from me in my life. I hear "every day so many incredible adventures unveiled, attested, detailed by Toys, that even retrenching "three fourths, the remaining part "is sufficient to destroy a reputation. If mine should prove but "half so great a lyer as all those, I "should be ruined. Was it not "enough then that our conduct was "in the power of our Toys, without

"our reputation being dependent on "their diſcourſes?" For my part, anſwered *Iſmene* ſmartly, without entering into endleſs arguments, I allow things to go their own way. If it be *Brama*, that has given the faculty of ſpeech to Toys, as my *Bramin* has convinced me, he will not ſuffer them to lye. It would be impious to aſſert the contrary. Wherefore my Toy may talk as often and much as it will. But after all what will it ſay?

Then was heard a hollow voice, which ſeemed to come out of the ground, and anſwered by way of Echo: *Many things*. *Iſmene*, not imagining whence the anſwer proceeded, flew into a paſſion, attack'd her neighbours, and increaſed the diverſion of the company. The Sultan, charmed with her miſtake, quitted his miniſter, with whom he was

in conference in a corner, went up to her, and ſaid: "I am afraid, "madam, you have heretofore ad-"mitted ſome one of theſe ladies in-"to your confidence, and that their "Toys are ſo malicious as to recol-"lect hiſtories, which your own "might have forgot."

At the ſame time, by moving his ring up and down with dexterity, *Mangogul* cauſed a very ſingular dialogue between the lady and her Toy. *Iſmene*, who had always conducted her little affairs well enough, and had never had a confidante, anſwer'd the Sultan, that all the art of calumniators would be ineffectual. "*Per-"haps*," anſwer'd the unknown voice. How, perhaps, reply'd *Iſmene*, piqued at this injurious doubt, what have I to fear from them? "*Every thing, if "they knew as much as I*." And "what do you know? "*Many things*,

" *I tell you.* Many things, that says much, but means nothing. Can you tell any particulars? "*Without doubt.*" And of what nature? Have I been really in Love? "*No.*" Have I had intrigues, adventures? "*Exactly.*" "And with whom, pray? With Petits-maitres, military men, senators? "*No.*" Comedians? "*No.*" You shall see, it was with my pages, my footmen, my confessor, or my husband's chaplain. "*No.*" Mr Impostor, you are at your wits end? "*Not quite.*" Yet I can see no other person, with whom one can possibly have adventures. Was it before, was it after my marriage? Answer me then, impertinent. "*Ah, madam, spare in-*
"*vectives, if you please. Compel not*
"*the best of your friends to take some*
"*disagreeable steps.*" Speak, my dear, tell, tell all. I value your services as little as I fear your indiscretion.

cretion. Explain your ſelf: I not only give you full permiſſion, but even dare you to it. "*To what do* "*you reduce me*, Iſmene?" ſaid the Toy, breathing a deep ſigh. To render juſtice to vertue. "*Well then,* "*virtuous* Iſmene, *have you quite* "*forgot young* Oſmin, *the ſangiac* "Zegris, *your dancing maſter* Alaziel, "*your muſic maſter* Almoura?" Ah! what horrid calumnies, cried *Iſmene*. I had a mother, who was too vigilant to expoſe me to ſuch irregularities: and my huſband, were he here, would teſtify that he found me juſt ſuch as he could wiſh. "*Very true*, replied "the Toy, *thanks to the ſecret of* "*your intimate friend* Alcina."

This is ſo extravagantly and ſo groſsly ridiculous, ſaid *Iſmene*, that it deſerves no refutation. I cannot ſay, continued ſhe, which of theſe ladies Toys it is, that pretends to be

ſo knowing in my affairs: but it has related things, of which my own does not know a ſyllable. "Madam, anſwered *Cephiſa*, I can aſſure you, that mine has gone no farther than giving ear." The reſt ſaid as much, and they ſate down to play, without preciſely knowing the interlocutor of the converſation above related.



CHAP. XII.

Fifth Trial of the Ring.

PLAY.

MOST of the ladies who made the party with the *Manimonbanda*, play'd with great eagerneſs; and it was not neceſſary to have *Mangogul*'s ſagacity, to perceive it. The paſſion of gaming is one of thoſe that puts

puts on the leaſt diſguiſe. It ſhews itſelf, whether in winning or loſing, by ſtrong ſymptoms. " But whence " proceeds this fury, ſäid he within " himſelf? How can the ladies bear " to paſs whole nights round a *Pha-* " *raoh* table, to tremble in expecta- " tion of an ace or a ſeven? This " phrenſy injures their health and " beauty, when they have any: with- " out reckoning the diſorders into " which I am ſure it precipitates " them. I have a great deſire, ſaid " he to *Mirzoza* in the ear, to exe- " cute here a thought juſt come into " my head." And what is this fine thought, which you meditate, ſaid the favorite? " It is, anſwered *Man-* " *gogul,* to turn my ring on the moſt " unbridled of theſe brelandiers, to " interrogate her Toy, and to tranſ- " mit by that organ, a good advice " to all thoſe weak huſbands, who

 " allow

" allow their wives to ſtake the ho-
" nour and fortune of their houſe on
" a card or a dye."

I like this notion mightily, replied *Mirzoza*; but know, Prince, that the *Manimonbanda* has juſt now ſworn by her *Pagoda*'s, that ſhe would keep no more drawing-room nights, if ever ſhe found herſelf again expoſed to the impudence of *Engaſtrimuthes*. " What have you ſaid, my ſoul's de-" light, interrupted the Sultan?" I have, anſwered the favorite, made uſe of the name, which the modeſt *Manimonbanda* gives to all thoſe, whoſe Toys have the faculty of ſpeech. " It is of the invention of her ſtupid " *Bramin*, who values himſelf upon " knowing the Greek, and being " ignorant of the Congoeſe language, " replied the Sultan. However, with " the *Manimonbanda*'s leave, and that " of her chaplain too, I would de-

" ſire

" fire to question *Manilla*'s Toy; and " it would be proper to make the " interrogatories here, for the edifi- " cation of the neighbours." Prince, said *Mirzoza*, if you take my word, you will spare the *Manimonbanda* the uneasiness this proceeding must give her: which you may do, without balking your own curiosity or mine. Why do you not go to *Manilla*'s house? " I will go, since you " advise, said *Mangogul*." But at " what hour, said the Sultana? " A- " bout midnight, answered the Sul- " tan." At midnight she is at play, said the favorite. " I will put off " my visit then till two in the morn- " ing, replied *Mangogul*." Prince, you don't consider, rejoined the favorite: 'tis the most pleasant hour of the four and twenty for female gamesters. If your highness will be led by me, you will take *Manilla*

in her firſt ſleep, between ſeven and eight.

Mangogul followed *Mirzoza*'s advice, and viſited *Manilla* about ſeven. Her women were going to put her to bed. He judged by the ſadneſs predominant in her countenance, that ſhe had play'd with bad luck. She walk'd to and fro, ſtopp'd, lifted her eyes to heaven, ſtamp'd with her foot, cover'd her eyes with her hands, and muttered ſomewhat, which the Sultan could not underſtand. Her women, who were undreſſing her, followed all theſe motions in panicks; and if they at length compaſſed getting her into bed, it was not done without receiving harſh language and ſomething worſe. Now *Manilla* is in bed, having made no other night prayer, but ſome curſes againſt a damned ace, which came ſeven times ſucceſſively to her loſs. Scarcely had ſhe

ſhe cloſed her eyes, when *Mangogul* levell'd his ring at her. Inſtantly her Toy exclaimed in a ſorrowful tone: " Now I am repiqued and ca-" potted." The Sultan ſmiled to hear that every thing about *Manilla*, even to her Toy, ſpoke gaming. " No, " continued the Toy, I will never " play againſt *Abidul*: he knows " nothing but tricking. Speak to " me no more of *Dares*: with him " one runs the riſq of ſome unlucky " hits. *Iſmal* is a pretty fair player, " but every body has him not that " would. *Mazulim* was a treaſure, " before he fell into the hands of " *Criſſa*. I don't know a more whim-" ſical player than *Zulmis*. *Rica* is " leſs ſo; but the poor lad is run " dry. What can one do with *La-" zuli*? The prettieſt woman of *Ban-" za* could not make him play high. " What a piddling player *Mollius* is!

"In truth, desolation has spread a-
"mong the gamesters: and e'er long
"we shall not know with whom to
"make a party."

After this *Jeremiad*, the Toy fell to relating uncommon strokes, of which it had been a witness; and excessively extoll'd the constancy and resources of its mistress in bad luck.
"Were it not for me, it said, *Ma-*
"*nilla* would have ruin'd herself twen-
"ty times over. All the Sultan's
"treasures would not have discharged
"the debts that I have paid. In one
"match at breland she lost to a
"farmer of the revenue and an abbé,
"above ten thousand ducats. She
"had nothing left but her jewels:
"but her husband had so lately re-
"deem'd them, that she dared not
"to venture them. Nevertheless she
"took the cards, and had one of
"those seducing hands, which for-

"tune

" tune ſends, when ſhe is on the
" point of cutting your throat. They
" urged her to ſpeak. *Manilla* look'd
" at her cards, put her hand into
" her purſe, whence ſhe was ſure to
" pull nothing, return'd to her cards,
" examined them again, but without
" determining. Does madam ſtand it
" at laſt, ſaid the farmer? Yes; I
" ſtake, ſaid ſhe,—I ſtake—I ſtake
" my Toy. For what value, replied
" *Turcares?* For a hundred ducats,
" ſaid *Manilla*. The abbé withdrew,
" eſteeming the Toy too high rated.
" *Turcares* declared at it: *Manilla* loſt
" and paid.

" The ſilly vanity of poſſeſſing a
" titled Toy got the better of *Tur-*
" *cares*. He offered to ſupply my
" miſtreſs with play-money, on con-
" dition that I ſhould be ſubſervient
" to his pleaſures. The bargain was
" ſtruck in a moment. But as *Ma-*

" *nilla*

" *nilla* play'd high, and the farmer " was not inexhauſtible, we ſoon ſaw " the bottom of his coffers.

" My miſtreſs had appointed a " moſt brilliant party at *Pharaoh*. All " her acquaintance were invited. " They were to punt with nothing " under ducats. We depended on " the purſe of *Turcares*. But the " morning of this great day, the " raſcal wrote us word that he had " not a penny, and left us in the " utmoſt conſternation. However, " we muſt extricate ourſelves, and " there was not a moment to be " loſt. We pitch'd on an old chief " of the *Bramins*, to whom we ſold " at a dear rate ſome complaiſances, " which he had ſollicited a long time. " This ſitting coſt him double the " income of his eccleſiaſtical pre- " ferment.

" *Tur-*

" *Turcares* returned notwithstand-
" ing, in a few days. He ſaid he
" was exceſſively concerned that ma-
" dam had taken him at a nonplus:
" he ſtill reckon'd on her goodneſs.
" Indeed you reckon ill, my dear,
" replied *Manilla*: I cannot with de-
" cency receive you more. When
" you were in a condition to lend,
" the world knew why I admitted
" you: but now that you are good
" for nothing, you would blaſt my
" honour.

" *Turcares* was piqued at this diſ-
" courſe, and ſo was I: for he was
" perhaps the beſt lad in *Banza*. He
" waved his uſual politeneſs, and gave
" *Manilla* to underſtand, that ſhe coſt
" him more than three opera girls,
" who would have amuſed him bet-
" ter, Alas! cried he moſt mourn-
" fully, why did I not ſtick to my
" little millener? She loved me to

" folly,

" folly. I made her ſo happy with a " ſilk gown.—— *Manilla*, who did " not reliſh compariſons, interrupt- " him in a tone, eno' to make one " tremble, and bade him begone in " an inſtant. *Turcares* knew her, " and choſe rather to return peace- " ably down ſtairs, than to leap " thro' the window.

" After that, *Manilla* borrowed of " another *Bramin*, who came, ſaid " ſhe, to adminiſter comfort in her " afflictions. The holy man ſuc- " ceeded the farmer of the revenue, " and we reimburſed him his com- " forts in the ſame coin. She loſt me " ſeveral times more, and 'tis well " known that play-debts are the only " ones that are paid among the *Beau* " *Monde*.

" If *Manilla* happens to play with " good luck, ſhe is the moſt regular " woman in *Congo*. Excepting her

" play,

" play, ſhe takes ſurpriſing care of
" her conduct: ſhe is never heard to
" ſwear an oath: ſhe entertains well:
" ſhe pays her mercer and other
" tradeſmen, is liberal to her ſervants,
" redeems her nicknacks ſometimes,
" and careſſes her lap dog and her
" huſband: but thirty times a month
" ſhe riſks theſe happy diſpoſitions
" and her money on an ace of ſpades.
" Such is the life ſhe leads, and will
" lead; and God knows how many
" times yet I ſhall be pawn'd."

Here the Toy ceaſed, and *Mangogul* went to take repoſe. He was awaken'd at five in the afternoon, and went to the opera, according to a promiſe made to the favorite.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the opera at Banza. *Sixth trial of the* Ring.

OF all the public diverſions of *Banza*, none ſupported itſelf but the opera. *Utmiutſol* and *Utremifaſolaſiutut*, two celebrated muſicians, one of whom was growing old, and the other was but juſt new-fledged, alternately occupied the lyric ſcene. Each of theſe two original authors had his partiſans. The ignorant and the grey-bearded dotards ſtood up for *Utmiutſol*; the ſmart young fellows and the *Virtuoſi* were for *Utremifaſolaſiututut*: and the people of taſte, as well young as old, held them both in high eſteem.

Utre-

Utremifasolasiututut, said the latter, is excellent when he is good, but he sleeps at times; and, pray, to whom does not that happen? *Utmiutsol* holds up better, and is more uniform. He is full of beauties; yet he has not one, of which there are not examples to be found, and even more striking, in his rival; in whom there are strokes to be observed, which are entirely his own, and are not to be met with any where but in his works. Old *Utmiutsol* is simple, natural, smooth, sometimes too smooth, and that is his fault. Young *Utremifasolasiututut* is singular, brilliant, composed, learned, sometimes too learned: but perhaps that is his hearer's fault. The one has but one opening, beautiful indeed, but repeated at the head of all his pieces. The other has made as many openings as pieces, and they all pass for masterpieces. Nature guided *Utmiutsol* in the ways of

of melody; study and experience discovered the sources of harmony to *Utremifasolasiututut*. Who ever knew how to declaim, and who will ever speak a part like the old man? Who will compose light catches, voluptuous airs, and symphonies in character like the young one? *Utmiutsol* is the only person who understood dialogue. Before *Utremifasolasiututut* nobody distinguished the delicate touches, which separate the tender from the voluptuous, the voluptuous from the passionate, the passionate from the lascivious. Nay some partisans of the latter pretend, that if *Utmiutsol*'s dialogue is superior to his, this is not so much owing to the inequality of their talents, as to the difference of the poets, whom they made use of. "Read, read, cried they, the scene of "*Dardanus*, and you will be con-"vinced, that if we give good words "to

" to *Utremifasolafututut*, *Utmiutsol's*
" charming ſcenes will be revived."
However that be, in my time, the whole town flock'd to the tragedies of the latter, and people ſtifled one another at the interludes of the former.

They were juſt then exhibiting in *Banza* an excellent piece of *Utremifasolaſututut*, which would never have been repreſented but in nightcaps, had not the favorite Sultana had the curioſity to ſee it. And beſides, the periodical indiſpoſition of Toys favored the jealouſy of the fiddles, and made the principal actreſs flinch. She, who ſupplied her place, had not ſo good a voice, but as ſhe made amends by her manner of acting, nothing hindered the Sultan and the favorite from honouring the piece with their preſence.

Mirzaza was already come, *Mangogul* comes, the curtain is raiſed, they

they begin. Every thing went on marvelloufly well: Mifs *Chevalier* had effaced the memory of Mifs *le Maure*, and they were at the fourth act, when the Sultan bethought himfelf, in the middle of a chorus, which he thought lafted too long, and had already coft the favorite two yawns, to point his ring on all the fingers. Never was there feen on the ftage fo odd and comical a fight. Thirty women were ftruck dumb on a fudden. Their mouths were wide open, and they kept the fame theatrical attitudes they held before. And at the fame time their Toys made their throats fore with the violence of finging, this a *Pont-neuf*, that a *Vaudeville poliffon*, another a very indecent parody, and all of them extravagances relative to their characters. On one hand was heard, *oh vraiment ma comere, oui*; on the other, *quoi douze fois?* Here, *qui me baife*,

baiſe, eſt-ce Blaiſe? There, *rien, Pere Cyprien, ne vous retient.* In fine, they all wound themſelves up into a ſtrain, ſo high, ſo rude, and ſo mad, that they formed the moſt extravagant brawling ridiculous choir, that had been heard before and ſince that of ——no———d-———on———

Here the manuſcript was worm-eaten.

All this while the Orcheſtra went on, and the loud laughs of the pit and boxes joined to the ſound of the inſtruments, and the ſinging of the Toys, compleated the cacophony.

Some of the actreſſes, fearing leſt their Toys, tired with quavering impertinences, might reſolve to ſpeak them out, ran behind the ſcenes: but they eſcaped with the fright only. *Mangogul* being perſwaded that the public would learn nothing new, turn'd off his ring. In an inſtant all the Toys were ſilent, the burſts of laugh-

laughter ceased, the audience grew calm, the play was resumed and finish-ed peaceably. The curtain drop'd, the Sultana and Sultan went off, and the Toys of our actresses went to their several appointments, where they were to have a different employment from singing.

This affair made a great noise. The men laugh'd, the women were alarm-ed, the *Bonza's* were scandalized, the academicians rack'd their brains about it. But what did *Orcotomus* say? *Orcotomus* triumph'd. He had hinted in one of his memoirs, that the Toys would infallibly sing: they had sung accordingly, and this phænomenon, which disconcerted his brethren, was to him a new ray of light, and compleated the confirmation of his system.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Orcotomus's *experiments.*

IT was on the fifteenth of the moon of ———, that *Orcotomus* had read his memoir to the academy, and communicated his thoughts on the tattle of the Toys. As he then did with the greatest assurance promise to produce infallible experiments, which he had repeated several times, and always with success; the majority of people was struck with his doctrine. For some time the public preserved the favorable impressions they had received: and for full six weeks *Orcotomus* pass'd for having made considerable discoveries.

Nothing was wanting to complete his triumph, but performing before

the academy the famous experiments, which he had preached so loudly. The assembly that met on this occasion was extremely brilliant. The ministers of state graced the meeting: the Sultan himself did not disdain to be there, but invisible.

As *Mangogul* was a great Monologue maker, and the futility of the conversations of his time had tainted him with the habitude of soliloquy: "Either *Orcotomus*, said he, must be "an arrant quack, or the Genius my "protector, a great fool. If the "academician, who certainly is not "a conjurer, can restore speech to "dead Toys; the Genius who pro-"tects me was in the wrong to make "a compact, and sell his soul to the "devil, for the sake of communi-"cating it to Toys full of life."

Mangogul was puzzling himself with such reflections, when he found

himself

himſelf in the middle of his academy. *Orcotomus* had for ſpectators, as appears, all thoſe in *Banza*, who were knowing in the ſubject of Toys. In order to be ſatisfied with his audience, all he wanted was to give them ſatisfaction: but the iſſue of his experiments proved very unhappy. *Orcotomus* took up a Toy, put his mouth to it, blew into it till he was out of breath, quitted it, returned, tried another: for he had brought a variety of them with him, of all ages, ſizes, conditions and colours: but in vain did he blow; nothing was heard but inarticulate ſounds, vaſtly different from what he had promiſed.

Then ran a buzzing murmur thro' the company, which diſconcerted him for a moment: but he recovered himſelf, and alledged that ſuch experiments were not eaſy to be made

before so great a number of people: and he was right.

Mangogul got up in wrath, went away, and in the twinkling of an eye was in the favorite Sultana's appartment. " Well, prince, said she upon " seeing him, who has won the day, " you or *Orcotomus?* For his Toys " have performed wonders to be " sure." The Sultan took some turns about the room without a word of answer. " But, resumed the favo- " rite, your highness seems dissatis- " fied. Oh! madam, the impudence " of that *Orcotomus* is not to be " match'd. Pray, do not so much " as mention him from this mo- " ment——What will you say, " O future generations, when you " shall be informed, that the great " *Mangogul* allowed a hundred thou- " sand crowns in yearly pensions to " such fellows; while gallant officers,

"who with their blood had watered
"the laurels that ſurround his brow,
"were reduced to twenty pound a
"year? —— By *Jove*, the thought
"diſtracts me: I ſhall be out of hu-
"mor this month to come."

Here *Mangogul* broke off, and continued to walk about the room. He hung down his head, marched to and fro, ſtop'd, and now and then ſtamp'd the floor with his foot. He ſat down a moment, roſe up in a hurry, took his leave of *Mirzoza*, forgot to kiſs her, and retir'd to his own appartment.

The *African* author, who has immortalized himſelf by the hiſtory of the high and marvellous exploits of *Erguebzed* and *Mangogul*, continues in theſe words:

By *Mangogul*'s ill humor it was thought, that he was on the point of baniſhing all the learned out of his

dominions. Far from it, the next day he arose in a gay mood, performed his exercises at the riding-house in the morning, in the evening supp'd with *Mirzoza* and some favorites, under a magnificent tent in the gardens of the Seraglio, and never appeared more disengaged from affairs of state.

The dissatisfied and the disaffected of *Congo*, and the newsmongers of *Banza*, did not fail to spread their reports of this conduct. For what do not people of this stamp find fault with? "Is this, said they in the pub-"lic walks and coffee-houses, is this "governing a state? To spend the "day in tilting, and the night at "table. Well, if I was Sultan, "cried a little Senator ruined by "gaming, parted from his wife, "and whose children had the worst "of education, if I was Sultan, I "would make *Congo* a flourishing "em-

" empire. I would be the terror of
" my enemies, and the darling of
" my subjects. Within six months
" I would reestablish the *Police*, the
" laws, the army and the navy in
" their full vigour. I would have a
" hundred ships of the line. Our
" heaths should soon be grub'd up,
" and our high-ways repair'd. I
" would abolish the taxes, or at least
" reduce them to one half. As for
" pensions, gentlemen of sublime
" wit, by my faith, ye should but
" just taste them with the tip of your
" tongues. Good officers, *Pongo*
" *Sabiam*, good officers, old soldiers,
" magistrates like us, who devote
" our labours and night studies to
" dealing out justice to the people;
" these are the men on whom I would
" shed my bounty.

" Gentlemen, said an old toothless
" politician, with greasy flat hair, a

" coat worn out at elbows, and rag-
" ged ruffles, have ye quite forgot
" our great emperor *Abdelmalek*, of
" the *Dynasty* of the *Abyssinians*, who
" reigned two thousand three hundred
" and eighty five years ago? Have
" ye forgot how he caused two astro-
" nomers to be impaled, for an er-
" ror of three minutes in their pre-
" diction of an eclipse; and his first
" physician and surgeon to be dissect-
" ed alive, for having ordered him a
" dose of manna at an improper
" time?

" Moreover I ask you, continued
" another, what are those idle *Bra-*
" *mins* good for, that vermin who
" suck our blood, and grow fat on
" it. Would not their immense over-
" flowing riches better become honest
" folks like us."

From another quarter was heard;
" Forty years ago, were the new

" cookery and the liquors of *Lorraine*
" ſo much as known? Our rulers are
" plung'd deep into luxury, which
" threatens approaching deſtruction to
" the empire, a neceſſary conſequence
" of the contempt of the *Pagoda*'s and
" diſſolution of morals. At the time
" when people eat but coarſe meats,
" and drank but ſherbet at *Kana-*
" *glou's* table; what regard would be
" paid to the cut-paper ornaments,
" to *Martin*'s varniſhes, and to *Ra-*
" *meau*'s muſic? The opera girls
" were not more cruel then than at
" preſent, and were to be had much
" cheaper. The prince, you ſee,
" ſpoils many good things. But if
" I was Sultan"——

If thou wert Sultan, anſwered in wrath an old officer, who had eſcaped the dangers of the battle of *Fontenoy*, and had loſt an arm cloſe to his prince in the fight of *Laufelt*; thou wouldſt

commit greater impertinences than thou now dealſt out. Eh, friend, thou can'ſt not govern thy tongue, and thou wouldſt willingly rule an empire: thou haſt not ſenſe to manage thy family, and thou pretendſt to guide a ſtate. Reſpect the powers of the earth, and thank the Gods for having given thee birth in the empire, and in the reign of a prince, whoſe prudence inſtructs his miniſters, and whoſe ſoldiery admire his valor; who has made himſelf dreaded by his enemies, and beloved by his people; and whoſe only fault is the lenity with which perſons of thy ſtamp are treated under his government.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The *Bramins.*

AFTER the learned had spent themselves on the Toys, the *Bramins* took poſſeſſion of them. Religion laid claim to their chit-chat, as a ſubject that came within its juriſdiction, and its miniſters pretended that the hand of *Brama* manifeſted itſelf in that work.

There was held a general aſſembly of Pontiffs, and a reſolution was taken to employ the beſt pens to prove in form, that the thing was ſupernatural, and that, till their works could be publiſhed, it ſhould be defended by way of theſes in the ſchools, in private converſations, in the direc-

tion of confciences, and in public harangues.

Now, altho' they unanimoufly agreed that the thing was fupernatural; yet as the people of *Congo* admitted two principles, and profeffed a fort of Manicheifm, they were divided in opinion, to which of thefe two principles the chit-chat of the Toys ought to be attributed.

Thofe who had feldom or never been out of their cells, and had turned over nothing but their books, afcribed the prodigy to *Brama*. "There "is none but he, faid they, that can "interrupt the courfe of nature; "and time will fhew, that in all this "he has moft profound views."

Thofe on the contrary, who frequented the toilets, and were oftner furprized at bed-fides than in their clofets, fearing left fome indifcreet Toy or other might unveil their hypocrify,

pocrisy, laid their prattle to the charge of *Cadabra*, a mischief-making deity, and a sworn enemy to *Brama* and his servants. This latter system was exposed to terrible objections, and had not so direct a tendency towards the reformation of morals. Nay, its defenders did not impose on themselves about it. But the business was, to screen themselves; and in order to compass that, religion had not a single minister, who would not have sacrificed the *Pagodas* and their Altars a hundred times over.

Mangogul and *Mirzoza* assisted regularly at the religious service of *Brama*, and the whole empire was informed thereof by the news-papers. On a certain day appointed for celebrating one of the principal solemnities in the great Mosq, they were present. The *Bramin*, whose turn it was to explain the law, mounted the

roſtrum, pour'd forth a volley of affected phraſes and fulſome compliments on the Sultan and his favorite; and made an eloquent peroration on the manner of ſitting orthodoxly in company. He had already demonſtrated the neceſſity thereof by numberleſs authorities, when being inſtantaneouſly ſeized with a fit of ſacred enthuſiaſm, he ſpoke this declamation, which had the greater effect, as it came in quite unexpected.

"What do I hear in all aſſemblies? "a confuſed murmur, an unheard "noiſe ſtrikes my ears. All things "are turn'd topſy-turvy, and the fa-"culty of ſpeech, which the good-"neſs of *Brama* had hitherto appro-"priated to the tongue, is now by an "effect of his vengeance tranſported "to other organs. And what or-"gans? You know, gentlemen. O "ungrateful people, was there a ne-ceſſity

" cessity for a new prodigy, to rouze
" ye from your lethargy; and had
" not your crimes witnesses enough,
" but their principal instruments
" must raise their voice? Doubtless
" their measure is filled up; since
" the wrath of heaven has sought
" new chastisements. In vain did
" you envelop yourself in dark-
" ness, in vain did you choose mute
" accomplices: do you not hear them
" at present? They have given de-
" positions against ye from every quar-
" ter, and revealed your baseness to
" the universe. O thou who governest
" by thy wisdom! O *Brama!* just
" are thy judgments. Thy law con-
" demns theft, perjury, lying and
" adultery: it proscribes the black-
" ness of calumny, the intrigues of
" ambition, the fury of hatred, and
" the artifices of insincerity. Thy

" faith-

" faithful ministers have not ceased
" declaring these truths to thy chil-
" dren, and threatening them with
" the chastisements, which thou in
" thy just anger reservedst for pre-
" varicators: but in vain; the fools
" have delivered themselves up to
" the tide of their passions, they fol-
" lowed the torrent, they have de-
" spised our admonitions, they have
" laughed at our threats, they have
" regarded our anathema's as empty
" noise; their vices are accumulated,
" strengthen'd, multiplied; the voice
" of their impiety has ascended even
" to thy throne, and we have not
" been able to prevent the tremen-
" dous scourge, with which thou hast
" smote them. After having long
" implored thy mercy, let us now
" extoll thy justice. Overwhelmed
" by thy strokes, doubtless they will
" return to thee, and acknowledge
" the

" the hand which is laid heavy on
" them. But O prodigy of hard-
" heartedneſs! O exceſs of blind-
" neſs! They have imputed the ef-
" fect of thy power to the blind me-
" chaniſm of nature. They have ſaid
" in their hearts, *Brama* is not. All
" the properties of matter are not
" known to us, and the new proof
" of its exiſtence is but a proof of the
" ignorance and credulity of thoſe,
" who object it to us. On this
" foundation they have raiſed ſyſtems,
" invented hypotheſes, tried experi-
" ments: but from the highth of his
" eternal habitation, *Brama* has laugh'd
" at their vain projects. He has con-
" founded audacious knowledge, and
" the Toys have broke, as glaſs, the
" impotent obſtacles oppoſed to their
" loquacity. Wherefore let thoſe vain-
" glorious worms confeſs the weakneſs
" of their reaſon, and the vanity of

" their efforts. Let them ceafe to de-
" ny the exiftence of *Brama*, or to pre-
" fcribe limits to his power. *Brama*
" is, he is almighty; and he does not
" fhew himfelf to us more vifibly in
" his dreadful fcourges, than in his
" ineffable favours.

" But who has drawn down thefe
" fcourges on this wretched country?
" Is it not thy injuftice, greedy in-
" credulous man? Thy gallantries
" and filly amours, worldly immo-
" deft woman! Thy exceffes and
" fhameful debaucheries, infamous
" man of pleafure! Thy hardhearted-
" nefs for our monafteries, mifer! Thy
" injuftice, corrupt magiftrate! Thy
" ufuries, infatiable money-dealer!
" Thy effeminacy and irreligion, im-
" pious and fycophant courtier.

" And you, on whom this fcourge
" is particularly fallen, women and
" maidens plunged into licentiouf-

" nefs;

" ness; tho' we, renouncing the du-
" ties of our calling, should keep
" profound silence with regard to
" your irregularities, you carry about
" you a more importunate voice than
" ours: it accompanies you, and will
" every where rebuke you for your
" impure desires, your equivocal con-
" nections, your criminal conversa-
" tions, such excessive care to please,
" so many artifices to engage, so
" much address to fix, and the im-
" petuosity of your transports, and
" the fury of your jealousy. Why
" then do you delay to shake off the
" yoke of *Cadabra*, and return under
" the mild laws of *Brama?* But let
" us return to our subject. Well then
" I was saying that worldlings sit
" down heretically, and that for nine
" reasons; the first, &c.

This discourse made very different impressions. *Mangogul* and the Sul-

tana

tána, who were the only perſons that knew the ſecret of the ring, were convinced that the *Bramin* had as happily hit off the tattle of Toys by the aſſiſtance of religion, as *Orcotomus* by the light of reaſon. The court ladies and petits-maitres declared the ſermon ſeditious, and the preacher a viſionary. The reſt of the audience eſteem'd him a prophet, ſhed tears, fell to prayers, and even flagellations, and did not change their courſes of life.

The noiſe of this ſermon ſpread to the very coffee-houſes. A wit pronounced in a deciſive tone, that the *Bramin* had but very ſuperficially handled the ſubject, and that his diſcourſe was but a cold inſipid declamation: but in the opinion of the devout women and the enlightened, it was the moſt ſolid piece of eloquence that had been delivered in the temples

theſe

these hundred years. And in mine, both the wit and the devout women were in the right.

CHAP. XVI.

The Muzzles.

WHILE the *Bramins* were making *Brama* ſpeak, airing their *Pagoda*'s by proceſſions, and exhorting the people to repentance; others were thinking how to reap benefit by the prattle of Toys.

Great cities ſwarm with perſons, whom miſery renders induſtrious. — They neither rob nor pick pockets: but they are to pick pockets, what pick-pockets are to gamblers. They know every thing, they do every thing. They go up and down, they inſinuate themſelves. They are found at

at court, in the city, at *Westminster* hall, at church, at the play, at ladies toilets, in coffee-houses, at balls, opera's and in academies. They are any thing that you would have them be. Do you sollicit a pension, they have the minister's ear. Have you a law-suit, they will sollicite for you. Do you love gaming, they will make a party with you; good chear, they keep a good kitchen; women, they will introduce you to *Amina* or *Acaris*. From which of the two would you please to purchase the distemper? Take your choice, they will undertake your cure. Their chief occupation is to find the ridicules of private persons, and to make advantage of the follies of the public. From them it is, that papers are distributed in the streets, at the gates of temples, at the play-house doors, and other public places, by which you are advertised *gratis*, that such an one

living

living at the *Louvre*, *St. John's*, the temple, or the abby, at such a sign, dupes mankind at home from nine in the morning to noon, and abroad the rest of the day.

Scarce had the Toys began to speak, when one of these sharpers fill'd the houses of *Banza* with a printed bill of this form and tenor. ——Advertisement to the ladies. And underneath in small Italic, by permission of my lord the great Seneschal, and with the approbation of the gentlemen of the royal academy of sciences. And lower down: The Sieur *Eolipila* of the royal academy of *Banza*, Member of the royal society of *Monoemugi*, of the imperial academy of *Biafara*, of the academy of the curious of *Loango*, of the society of *Camur* in *Monomotapa*, of the institute of *Erecco*, and of the royal academies of *Beleguanza* and *Angola*; who has for many

ny years given courses of baubles, with the applause of the court, the town, and the province; has, in favour of the fair sex, invented muzzles or portable gags, which deprive Toys of the use of speech, without obstructing their natural functions. They are neat and convenient. He has some of all sizes, of all prices, and for all ages: and he has had the honour to serve persons of the highest distinction with them.

There is nothing like being a member of a body of men. Be a work ever so ridiculous, it is puff'd into success. Thus it was, that *Eolipila*'s invention gain'd ground. People flock'd to his house. The gay ladies went thither in their own equipages, prudent women in hackney-coaches; the devouts sent their confessors or footmen, and nuns their door-keepers. Every body must have a muzzle, so that

that not one from the dutchess down to the cobler's Joan, but had one either for the fashion or for reasons.

The *Bramins*, who had declared the prattle of Toys to be a divine punishment, and flatter'd themselves with a reformation of manners and other advantages from it, could not without horror see a machine, which eluded the vengeance of heaven and their hopes. Scarcely had they come down from their pulpits, but they mount again, thunder, roar, make the oracles to speak, and pronounce that a muzzle is an infernal machine, and that there is no salvation for those who shall use them. "Carnal wo-
"men, quit your muzzles; submit,
"cried they, to the will of *Brama*. Per-
"mit the voice of your Toys to awaken
"that of your consciences, and blush
"not to acknowledge crimes, which

"you have not been aſhamed to com-
"mit."

But their exclamations were of little avail: the ſame fate attended muzzles, that had formerly attended the gowns without ſleeves. The preachers were left to catch cold in the temples. All the women took gags, and quitted them not, either till they found them uſeleſs, or were tired of them.

CHAP. XVII.

The two Devouts.

FOR ſome days paſt the Sultan left the Toys at reſt. Important affairs, on which he was buſy, ſuſpended the effects of his ring. In this interval it was, that two women of *Banza* made diverſion for the whole town.

They

They were professed devouts. They had managed their intrigues with all possible discretion, and were in full enjoyment of a reputation, which even the malice of those of their own class paid respect to. In the mosques nothing was talk'd of but their virtue. Mothers proposed them as patterns to their daughters, and husbands to their wives. The principal maxim of both was, that scandal is the greatest of all sins. This conformity of sentiments, but above all, the difficulty of edifying a clear-sighted and crafty neighbour at an easy expence, had got the better of the difference of their tempers, and they were very good friends.

Zelida received *Sophia*'s *Bramin*: and it was at *Sophia*'s house that *Zelida* confer'd with her director; and by a little self-examination, the one

could hardly be ignorant of what concerned the other's Toy: but the whimſical indiſcretion of theſe Toys kept them both in cruel apprehenſions. They held themſelves as on the point of being unmaſk'd, and of loſing that reputation of virtue, which had coſt them fifteen years diſſimulation and management, and which now embaraſſed them very much.

At ſome moments they would even forfeit their lives, eſpecially *Zelida*, to be as much blaſted as the greateſt part of their acquaintance. "What "will the world ſay? What will my "huſband do?—— What! that wo"man ſo reſerved, ſo modeſt, ſo "virtuous, that *Zelida*, like others, "is but——Alas! this thought di"ſtracts me!——Yes, I wiſh I "never had any reputation, cried "*Zelida* in a paſſion."

She

She was then with her female friend, who was making the same reflections, but without such violent commotion. *Zelida*'s last words made her smile. "Laugh, madam, "without constraint. Burst out, "said *Zelida*, touched to the quick. "To be sure you have good cause." I am as sensible of the impending danger, as you can be, answered *Sophia*, with an air of indifference; but how to shun it? For you will agree with me, that there is no likelyhood that your wish will be accomplish'd.

"Contrive an expedient then, re-"plied *Zelida*:" Oh! said *Sophia*, I am tired of rummaging my brain, I can find none.——To bury one's self in a country seat, is one way; but to abandon the pleasures of *Banza*, and renounce life, is what I will never do. I perceive that my Toy will never approve it. "What is to

" be done then?" What! to leave all to providence, and laugh, as I do, at what the world will ſay. I have tried all ſhifts to reconcile reputation with pleaſures: but ſince it is decreed that we muſt renounce reputation, let us at leaſt preſerve pleaſures. We were uniques: but now, my dear, we ſhall be like a hundred thouſand others: do you look on this as a hard fate?

" Yes, without doubt, replied *Zeli-* " *da*; to me it ſeems hard to be like " thoſe, for whom I had put on a ſo- " vereign contempt. In order to " avoid this mortification, methinks " I would fly to the world's end."

Set out, my dear, continued *So-phia*; for my part, I ſtay — But *à propos*, I adviſe you to furniſh your-ſelf with ſome ſecret, to prevent your Toy from blabbing on the road.

" In-

" Indeed, replied *Zelida*, plea-
" ſantry here has a very ill grace,
" and your intrepidity"———

You are miſtaken, *Zelida*, there is not a grain of intrepidity in my proceeding. To let things go their own way, when we cannot ſtop them, is reſignation. I ſee that I am to be diſhonoured: well then, diſhonour for diſhonour, I ſhall ſpare myſelf as much of the uneaſineſs as I can.

" Diſhonour'd, replied *Zelida*,
" burſting into tears! Diſhonour'd!
" What a ſhock! I cannot bear it.
" —Oh! accurſed *Bonza*, 'tis thou
" that haſt ruin'd me. I loved my
" huſband, I was born virtuous; I
" ſhould have loved him ſtill, if
" thou hadſt not made a wicked uſe
" of thy miniſtry and my confidence.
" Diſhonour'd, dear *Sophia*!"——

She had not power to make an end. Sobs intercepted her words,

and ſhe fell on the carpet, quite in deſpair. As ſoon as *Zelida* recovered her ſpeech, ſhe cried out in a lamen-
" table tone: Alas! my dear *Sophia*,
" I ſhall die———I muſt die. No,
" I ſhall never ſurvive my reputa-
" tion."

But *Zelida*, my dear *Zelida*, do not be in a hurry to die: perhaps, ſaid *Sophia*—— " No perhaps ſhall
" ſtop me, I muſt dye."——But perhaps one might——" One might
" do nothing, I tell you —— But
" ſpeak, my dear, what might one
" do?"———Perhaps one might hinder a Toy from talking. " Ah!
" *Sophia*, you endeavour to comfort
" me by falſe hopes, you deceive
" me." No, no, I do not deceive you; only hear me, inſtead of diſtracting yourſelf like a mad creature. I have heard talk of *Frenirol*, *Eolipila*, gags and muzzles.. " Pray,
" what

"what connection is there between "*Frenicol*, *Eolipila*, muzzles, and the "danger which threatens us? What "business has my Toyman here, and "what is a muzzle?"

It is this, my dear. A muzzle is a machine invented by *Frenicol*, approved by the academy, and improved by *Eolipila*, who claims the honour of the invention. "But pray, "this machine invented by *Frenicol*, "approved by the academy, and im-"proved by that silly fellow *Eoli*-"*pila*." ——— Oh! you are of a vivacity that surpasses imagination. Well then, this machine being applied to a Toy, renders it discreet in spite of its teeth. ——— "Can this be "true, my dear?" It is so said. "We must know it, replied *Zelida*, "and immediately too."

She rang, one of her women appeared, and she sent for *Frenicol*.

"Why

" Why not for *Eolipila*, said *Sophia*?" *Frenicol* is less taken notice of, answered *Zelida*.

The Toyman came away with the messenger. " Ah! *Frenicol*, are you " there, said *Zelida*, you are wel" come. Make haste, my friend, to " extricate two women out of cruel " anxiety." — What is the business, ladies? Would you please to have some rare Toys? —— " No, we have " two already, and we would wil" lingly" —— Part with them, I suppose. Pray, ladies, let me see them. I will take them, or we will make an exchange.——" You are " mistaken, Mr. *Frenicol*, we have " nothing to truck." —— Well, I understand you, you have some ear-rings, which you would desire to lose, so as that your husbands may find them in my shop. —— " Not " that neither; pray, *Sophia*, inform

" him

"him of the matter. *Fremicol*, con-
"tinued *Sophia*, we want two ——
"What, don't you understand?" No,
madam: how would you have me
understand, when you say nothing?
—— "'Tis, said *Sophia*, because
"when a woman is modest, it gives
"her pain to speak plain on certain
"things." But yet, replied *Fremicol*,
she must speak plain. I am a Toy-
man, not a Conjuror —— "You
"must guess however."——Faith,
ladies, the more I look on ye, the less
I comprehend ye. When a lady is
young, rich, and pretty as you are,
she is not reduced to artifice: more-
over, I declare sincerely, that I sell
them no longer. I have left the deal-
ing in those baubles to young begin-
ners in the trade.

Our devotees found the Toyman's mistake so ridiculous, that they both burst out into a violent fit of laughter,

which disconcerted him. "Permit "me, ladies, to make my bow, and "withdraw. You might well have "spared yourselves the trouble of "sending for me three miles off, to "divert yourselves at my cost." Stop, stop, friend, said *Zelida*, still laughing on. That was not our intention. But by your misapprehending us, such ridiculous notions came into your head.——"'Tis in your "power, ladies, to put juster into it. "What is the business?" Oh! Mr. *Frenicol*, let me laugh at ease, before I answer you.

Zelida laugh'd till she panted for breath. The Toyman thought within himself that she had the vapors, or was out of her senses, and had patience. At length *Zelida* ceased.——"Well, said she, the business relates to our Toys, our own "Toys, do you understand me,

"Mr. *Frenicol?* To be ſure you can-
"not be ignorant, that for ſome time
"paſt ſeveral Toys have prattled like
"magpyes: now we would be very
"glad that ours would not follow
"this bad example." Ah! now I
take it, that is to ſay, replied *Frenicol*, that you want a muzzle each.—
"Very right, you have hit it off
"truly. I have been told that Mr.
"*Frenicol* was no fool." Madam,
your goodneſs is very great. As to
what you require, I have of all ſorts,
I go this moment to bring you ſome.

Frenicol went accordingly: in the mean while *Zelida* embraced her friend, and thank'd her for her expedient: and I, ſays the *African* author, went to take a nap, waiting his return.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Toyman's return.

THE Toyman returned, and presented the ladies with two muzzles of the best sort.——"Ah! "mercy, cried *Zelida!* What enor"mous muzzles are these! And who "are the unhappy women, whom "these will fit? This is an ell long. "Indeed, friend, you must certainly "have taken measure by the Sultan's "mare."——Yes, said *Sophia* indolently, after having measured them with her fingers, you are in the right; and there is but the Sultan's mare and old *Rimosa*, for whom these can do. ——"I protest, ladies, that they "are of the common size; and that "*Zelmaida*, *Zyrphila*, *Amiana*, and

"a

" a hundred other ladies, have of the " same sort." That is impossible, said *Zelida*. ——— " 'Tis actually so " however, replied *Frenicol*: but " they all said the same thing as ye " have: and as they have, so may " you undeceive yourselves by try- " ing them on." Mr. *Frenicol* may say what he will; but he shall never perswade me that this will fit me, said *Zelida*; nor this me, said *Sophia*. Let him shew us others, if he has any.

Frenicol, who had often experienced that women are not to be converted on that article, shew'd them muzzles for the age of thirteen. " Well, " cried both at the same time, these " are such as we want." I wish they may prove so, whisper'd *Frenicol* aside. " How do you sell them, " said *Zelida*?" But ten ducats a piece, madam. — " Ten ducats, you " for-

" forget yourself, *Frenicol.*"——Madam, that is the price in conscience. ——" You make us pay for the " novelty."——I protest, ladies, 'tis but two sixpences for a shilling. " I " must own they are neatly made, " but ten ducats are a great deal of " money."——I'll abate nothing.--- " We will go to *Eolipila*'s." --- You may, ladies : but there are workmen and workmen; muzzles and muzzles. *Frenicol* held firm, and *Zelida* came to. She paid for the two muzzles, and the Toyman went back, fully perswaded that they would be too little for them, and would soon be returned on his hands for a fourth part of the price he received for them. He was mistaken. *Mangogul* not happening to come within reach of turning his ring on those two women, their Toys were not seized with the humor of talking louder than ordinary;

nary; and happily for them: for *Zelida* having tried her muzzle, found it too little by one half. However, ſhe did not part with it, fancying that it would be pretty near as inconvenient to change it, as not to make uſe of it at all.

Theſe circumſtances came to light from one of her women, who told them in confidence to her lover, who related them in confidence to others, who ſpread them all over *Banza* under the ſeal of ſecreſy. Nor was *Frenicol* ſilent: the adventure of the devouts became public, and for ſometime afforded employment to the calumniators of *Congo*.

Zelida became inconſolable upon it. This woman, more to be pitied than blamed, conceived an averſion for her *Bramin*, quitted her huſband, and ſhut herſelf up in a convent. As for *Sophia*, ſhe threw off the maſk, deſpiſed

ſpiſed cenſures, patch'd and painted, frequented public places, and had adventures.

CHAP. XIX.

Seventh trial of the Ring.

The ſtifled Toy.

THO' the female cits of *Banza* doubted whether Toys of their rank would be honoured with the gift of ſpeech; yet they all furniſh'd themſelves with muzzles. In *Banza* muzzles became as common, as a general court mourning in this country.

Here the *African* author obſerves with aſtoniſhment, that neither the lowneſs of the price, nor the commonneſs of muzzles put them out of faſhion in the Seraglio. "This once, "ſays

"says he, utility got the better of "prejudice." So trite a reflection was not worth the pains of repeating: but to me it seems as if it was the defect of all the ancient authors of *Congo*, to fall into repetitions; whether they thereby hoped to give a greater air of truth and facility to their productions; or that they were far from having as much fecundity of invention as their admirers ascribe to them.

However that be, one day *Mangogul*, walking in his gardens, attended by his whole court, took the maggot to level his ring at *Zelais*. She was handsome, and suspected of several adventures: yet her Toy did no more than stammer, and utter'd only some few mangled words, which had no meaning, and which the Blasters interpreted as they thought fit.——— Pshuh! says the Sultan, here is a Toy that has a vast impediment of speech.

ſpeech. Moſt certainly there muſt be ſomewhat that impedes its reſpiration. Wherefore he applied his ring more intenſely. The Toy made a ſecond effort to ſpeak; and in ſome meaſure ſurmounting the obſtacle, that ſtop'd its mouth, theſe words were heard very diſtinctly. "Alas! "alas! — I am — I am — I am ſti- "fled. I can no more.—Alas! alas! "I am ſtifled."

Immediately *Zelais* found herſelf going: ſhe grew pale, her neck ſwell'd, and ſhe fell, with her eyes ſhut and mouth half open, between the arms of thoſe who ſtood around her.

Any where elſe *Zelais* would have been ſpeedily relieved. Twas only debarraſſing her of her muzzle, and allowing her Toy a freedom of reſpiration; but how to lend the helping hand in *Mangogul's* preſence. "Quick,

"quick,

"quick, physicians, cried the Sul-
"tan, *Zelais* is dying."

Some pages ran to the palace, and returned, with the doctors gravely marching after them. *Orcotomus* was at their head. Some gave their opinion for bleeding, others for the *kermes mineral*; but the penetrating *Orcotomus* ordered *Zelais* to be carried to a neighbouring closet, examined her, and cut the braces of her harness. This muzzled Toy was one of those, which he boasted to have seen in the paroxysm.

However, the bloating was excessive, and *Zelais* would have continued to suffer, had not the Sultan had pity on her condition. He turn'd off his ring, the fluids return'd to their equilibrium. *Zelais* came to herself, and *Orcotomus* assumed the honour of this miraculous cure.

Ze-

Zelais's accident and her physician's indiscretion, made the muzzles lose much of their credit. *Orcotomus*, without any regard to *Eolipila*'s interest, proposed to himself to raise his own fortune on the ruins of the others; advertised himself as a patentee physician of Toys that had caught cold: and some of his bills are to be seen at this day in the by-streets. He began by getting money, and ended by falling into contempt. The Sultan took pleasure in lowering the presumption of the empiric. Did *Orcotomus* boast of silencing a Toy that had never utter'd a word? *Mangogul* had the cruelty to make it speak. People went so far as to remark, that any Toy that was tired of silence, need only have two or three visits from *Orcotomus*. In a little time he was rank'd with *Eolipila* in the class of quacks; and they will both continue therein, until

till it ſhall pleaſe *Brama* to take them out.

Shame was preferred to the apoplexy. The one kills, ſaid the women, the other does not. Wherefore they renounced their muzzles; let their Toys talk on; and no body died thereby.

CHAP. XX.



Eighth trial of the Ring.

The VAPORS.

THERE was a time, as we have ſeen, when the women dreaded the prating of their Toys, were ſtifled, and died away; but another ſucceeded, when they ſet themſelves above this dread, threw away their muzzles, and had nothing beyond the vapors.

The favorite, among her attendants, had a very ſingular young lady. Her humour was charming, tho' uneven. She changed countenance ten times a day; but whatever face ſhe put on, was pleaſing. Unique in her melancholy, as well as in her gaity, there ſlip'd from her, in her moſt extravagant moments, things of exquiſite ſenſe; and in her fits of ſadneſs ſhe uttered very diverting extravagances.

Mirzoza was ſo uſed to *Callirhoe* (for that is the name of this young mad girl) that ſhe could hardly be without her. One time that the Sultan complain'd to the favorite of ſomewhat reſtleſs and cold, which he remark'd in her; "Prince, ſaid ſhe, "embarraſſed at his reproach, without my three beaſts, my nightingale, "my lap-dog and *Callirhoe*, I am "good for nothing; and you ſee "that I have not the laſt." And why

is

is ſhe not here, ſaid *Mangogul?* —
" I can't tell, anſwered *Mirzoza*;
" but I remember, that ſome months
" ago ſhe told me, that if *Mazul*
" made the campaign, ſhe could not
" avoid having the vapors; and
" *Mazul* ſet out yeſterday." I eaſily
excuſe her, ſaid the Sultan: for I look
on her vapors to be well grounded.
But upon what account do a hundred
other women take it into their heads
to be vapor'd, who have young
huſbands, and beſides take care to be
well provided with lovers? " Prince,
" anſwered a courtier, 'tis a faſhion-
" able diſeaſe. It is genteel in a
" woman to have the vapors. With-
" out a lover and the vapors, ſhe
" knows nothing of the world: and
" there is not a citizen's wife in *Ban-*
" *za*, who does not affect to have
" them."

H— *Man-*

Mangogul ſmiled, and reſolved to viſit ſome of theſe vaporiſh women immediately. He went directly to *Salica*'s houſe, and found her in bed, with her neck quite bare, her eyes flaming, and her hair diſhevel'd; and at her bed's ſide the little ſtammering hump-back'd phyſician *Farfadi*, telling her ſtories: while ſhe was ſtretching out, now one arm, then another, yawning, ſighing, putting her hand to her head, and exclaiming bitterly: alas I can't bear it — throw the windows open — give me air — I ſhall faint, I ſhall dye. ——

Mangogul took advantage of the moment that her affrighted women were aſſiſting *Farfadi* in lightening the bed-cloaths, to turn his ring on her, and inſtantly theſe words were heard: " Oh! how tired I am of " this humor! behold, madam has " taken into her noddle to have the

" vapors.

" vapors. This farce will laſt eight
" days at leaſt, and may I dye, if I
" know the cauſe: for after *Farfadi's*
" efforts to ferret out this diſeaſe, I
" think it is in the wrong to conti-
" nue."—Good, ſaid the Sultan turn-
ing off his ring, I underſtand. This
dame has the vapors in favor of her
phyſician. Let us try elſewhere.

He went from *Salica's* houſe to that
of *Arſinoe*, which is not far from it.
On entering her chambers he heard
loud burſts of laughter, and advanced,
thinking to find her in company:
but ſhe was alone; and *Mangogul*
was not much ſurprized. " A wo-
" man who gives herſelf the vapors,
" ſays he, gives them melancholy or
" merry, as is moſt convenient."
He turn'd his ring on her, and pre-
ſently her Toy began to laugh un-
mercifully. From theſe immoderate
laughing fits it made a ſudden tranſi-

tion to ridiculous lamentations on the abſence of *Narces*, whom it adviſed as a friend to haſten his return; and continued to ſob, weep, groan, ſigh, and be comfortleſs, as if it had buried all its relations.

The Sultan, who could hardly refrain from laughing aloud at ſo whimſical an affliction, turn'd off his ring and departed; leaving *Arſinoe* and her Toy to lament at leiſure, and inferring the falſity of the proverb.



CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Ninth Trial of the Ring.

Of Things loſt and found.

To ſerve as a Supplement to the learned Treatiſe of Pancirollus, *and to the Memoirs of the Academy of Inſcriptions.*

M*Angogul* returning to his palace, pondering on the ridiculous airs which women give themſelves, found himſelf, whether thro' abſence of mind, or ſome blunder of his ring, under the portico of the ſumptuous building, which *Thelis* has decorated with the rich ſpoils of her lovers. He embraced the opportunity, to interrogate her Toy.

Thelis was the wife of the Emir *Sambuco*, whose anceſtors had reign'd in *Guinea*. *Sambuco* had acquired a high reputation in *Congo*, by five or ſix ſignal victories, which he had gain'd over *Erguebzed*'s enemies. As he was not a leſs able negotiator than a great captain, he had been employ'd in embaſſies of the greateſt conſequence, and executed his high truſt with ſuperior talents. On his return from *Loango* he ſaw *Thelis*, and was ſmitten. He was then upon the brink of fifty, and *Thelis* was not above twenty-five. She was rather agreeable than a beauty: the women ſaid ſhe was well enough, and the men thought her charming. Powerful matches ſought her; but whether ſhe had already fix'd her notions, or that there was too great a diſproportion of fortune between her and her admirers, they were all rejected. *Sambuco* ſaw her,

her, laid at her feet immenſe riches, a great name, laurels, and titles inferior to none but thoſe of ſovereigns, and obtain'd her.

Thelis was, or appear'd virtuous for ſix whole weeks after her marriage. But a Toy born voluptuous, ſeldom conquers itſelf; and a quinquagenarian huſband, tho' otherwiſe ever ſo great a hero, is a madman, if he flatters himſelf with conquering ſuch an enemy. Altho' *Thelis* mix'd prudence with her conduct, her firſt adventures were not unknown. This was ſufficient for ſuppoſing afterwards, that ſhe had others undiſcloſed: and *Mangogul*, deſirous of full information, haſtened to paſs from the porch of her palace into her appartment.

It was then the middle of ſummer. The heat was exceſſive, and *Thelis*, after dining, had thrown herſelf on a couch, in a back cloſet

adorned with glaſſes and paintings. She was a-ſleep, her hand leaning on a collection of *Perſian* tales, which had lull'd her to repoſe.

Mangogul view'd her ſome time, allowed that ſhe had charms, and turn'd his ring on her. " I remem-
" ber it as perfectly as if it had been
" yeſterday: nine proofs of love in
" four hours. Ah! what moments!
" *Zermounzaid* is a divine man! He
" is not the old frozen *Sambuco.*—
" Dear *Zermounzaid*, I had been ig-
" norant of true pleaſures, real good:
" you alone made me ſenſible of
" them."

Mangogul, deſirous of learning the particulars of *Thelis*'s commerce with *Zermounzaid*, which the Toy kept from him, by dwelling on what affects a Toy the moſt feelingly, rubb'd the ſtone of his ring for ſome time againſt his waiſtcoat, and levell'd it,

quite

quite ſparkling with light, at *Thelis*: Its influence ſoon reach'd her Toy, which being thereby better informed of what was required of it, re-aſſumed its diſcourſe in a more hiſtorical ſtrain.

"*Sambuco* commanded the *Monoe-*
" *mugian* army, and I followed him
" to the field. *Zermounzaid* ſerved
" under him in quality of a colonel,
" and the general, who honoured him
" with his confidence, had put us
" under his eſcort. The zealous *Zer-*
" *mounzaid* did not abandon his poſt:
" he thought it too pleaſing, to re-
" ſign it: and the danger of loſing
" it was the only one he fear'd during
" the whole campaign.

" While we were in winter quar-
" ters, I entertained a few new gueſts;
" *Cacil*, *Jekia*, *Almamoun*, *Jaſub*, *Se-*
" *lim*, *Manzora*, *Nereſkim*, all mi-
" litary men, who were commended

 " by

" by *Zermounzaid*, but were inferior
" to him. The credulous *Sambuco*
" relied for his wife's virtue on her-
" ſelf, and on *Zermounzaid's* care:
" and being entirely taken up with
" the immenſe buſineſs of the war,
" and the great operations which he
" was meditating for the glory of
" *Congo*, he never had the leaſt ſuſpi-
" cion either of the treachery of
" *Zermounzaid*, or the infidelity of
" *Thelis*.

" The war continued; the armies
" took the field, and we our litters.
" As they went a very ſlow pace,
" the main body of the army gain'd
" ground of us, and we found our-
" ſelves in the rear, which *Zermoun-*
" *zaid* commanded. This gallant
" youth, whom the ſight of the great-
" eſt dangers had never made to
" ſwerve a foot from the path of
" glory, could not reſiſt that of
" plea-

" pleasure. He entrusted a subaltern " with the care of watching the mo- " tions of the enemy, who harrassed " us; and got up into our litter: " but he was hardly there, when we " heard a confused noise of arms and " outcries. *Zermounzaid*, leaving his " business half done, attempts to " jump out: but he is level'd with " the ground, and we become a prey " to the conqueror.

" Thus I began by swallowing up " the honor and services of an of- " ficer, who from his valour and me- " rit might have expected the highest " military employments, if he had " never known his general's wife. " Upwards of three thousand men " fell in this action; and therefore of " so many good subjects have we " robb'd the nation."

Let any one, if he can, imagine *Mangogul's* surprize at this discourse.

He had heard *Zermounzaid*'s funeral oration, and did not know him by these features. His father *Erguebzed* had regretted this officer: the news papers, after lavishing the highest eulogies on his fine retreat, had attributed his defeat and death to the enemy's superior numbers, which, as they said, were found to be six to one. All *Congo* had lamented a man, who had done his duty so well. His wife obtain'd a pension: his regiment was given to his eldest son, and an ecclesiastical preferment promised to his younger.

What horror, cried *Mangogul*, but softly! A husband dishonor'd, the state betray'd, subjects sacrificed, crimes not only concealed, but even rewarded as virtues: and all that for a Toy.

Thelis's Toy, which had stopt to take breath, continued: "Thus am

" I abandoned to the enemy's dif-
" cretion. A regiment of dragoons
" was ready to fall upon us. *Thelis*
" feem'd quite frighted, and yet
" wifh'd nothing more ardently:
" but the charms of the prey fowed
" difcord among the plunderers. The
" fcimiters were drawn, and thirty
" or forty men were maffacred in
" the twinkling of an eye. The
" noife of this diforder reach'd the
" general officer. He ran thither,
" calmed the furious foldiers, and
" fequeftrated us under a tent; where
" we had not time to know our-
" felves, when he came and demand-
" ed the price of his good fervices.
" Woe to the vanquifhed, cried *The-*
" *lis*, falling backward on a bed:
" and the whole night was fpent in
" feeling her misfortune.

" The next day we found ourfelves
" on the banks of the *Niger*. A
" faick

" ſaick was waiting for us, and my " miſtreſs and I ſet out, in order to " be preſented to the emperor of " *Benin.* In this twenty-four hours " voyage the captain of the veſſel " offer'd himſelf to *Thelis*, and was " accepted: and I found by expe- " rience, that the ſea ſervice is infi- " nitely briſker than the land ſer- " vice.

" We ſaw the emperor of *Benin.* " He was young, ardent, voluptu- " ous. *Thelis* made a conqueſt of " him: but thoſe of her huſband af- " frighted the monarch. He de- " manded peace: and the price, at " which he purchaſed it, was but " three provinces and my ranſom.

" Different times, different fa- " tigues. *Sambuco* came to know, " I can't tell how, the reaſon of the " misfortunes of the preceding cam- " paign; and during this, he depo-

" ſited

" ſited me with a friend of his, a " chief of the *Bramins*, on the fron- " tiers. The holy man made but a " weak defence: he was enſnared by " the wiles of *Thelis*, and in leſs " than ſix months devoured his " immenſe income, three lakes and " two foreſts.

Mercy, cried *Mangogul*, three lakes and two foreſts! What an appetite for a Toy!

" 'Tis a mere trifle, reſumed the " Toy. Peace was made, and *Thelis* " accompanied her huſband in his " embaſſy to *Monomotapa*. She gamed, " and very fairly loſt a hundred thou- " ſand ſequins in one day, which I " won back again in an hour. A " miniſter, whoſe maſter's affairs did " not fill up all his time, fell into " my clutches; and in three or four " months I eat him up a fine landed " eſtate, together with his caſtle well

" fur-

" furniſh'd, a park, and equipage,
" with the little pyed horſes. A favor
" of four minutes duration, but well
" ſpun out, brought us in feaſts,
" preſents and jewels: and the blind
" or politic *Sambuco* did not diſturb
" us.

" I ſhall not bring into the ac-
" compt, added the Toy, the mar-
" quiſats, counties, titles, coats of
" arms, *&c.* which have been eclip-
" ſed at my appearance. Apply to
" my ſecretary, who will tell you what
" is become of them. I have cloſe-
" pared the horns of the dominions
" of *Biafara*, and am in poſſeſſion
" of an entire province of *Beleguanza*.
" *Erguebzed* made overtures to me a
" little before his death." At theſe
words *Mangogul* turn'd off his ring,
and ſilenced this gulph: he reſpected
his father's memory, and would hear
nothing that might tarniſh the ſplen-
do

dor of the great qualities, which he knew were in him.

Returning to the ſeraglio, he entertained the favorite with the vapored ladies, and with the trial of his ring on *Thelis.* "You admit this woman, "ſaid he, to your familiarity: but in "all probability you do not know "her as well as I." I underſtand you, ſir, anſwered the Sultana. "Her "Toy has perhaps been fooliſh "enough to give you a narrative of "her adventures with the general *Mi-* "*cokof*, the Emir *Feridour*, the ſe-"nator *Marſupha*, and the great *Bra-* "*min Ramanadanutio.* But pray, "who is ignorant, that ſhe keeps "young *Alamir*, and that old *Sam-* "*buco*, who ſpeaks not a word, is as "well apprized of it as you."

You have not hit the mark, replied *Mangogul.* I have compell'd her Toy to make a full diſcharge. "Had it "ſwallow-

" ſwallowed any thing of yours, ſaid " *Mirzoza*." No, ſaid the Sultan, but much belonging to my ſubjects, to the grandees of my empire, to the neighbouring potentates; as eſtates, provinces, caſtles, lakes, foreſts, diamonds, equipages, with the little pyed horſes. " Without reckoning their " reputation and virtue, ſir, added " *Mirzoza*. I cannot tell what be- " nefit you will reap by your ring; " but the more you try it, the more " odious my ſex becomes to me: " even thoſe, whom I thought I juſt- " ly held in ſome eſteem, are not " expected. They have thrown me " me into ſuch an humor, that I beg " your highneſs will allow me to in- " dulge it alone for ſome moments." *Mangogul*, who knew that the favorite was an enemy to all conſtraint, kiſs'd her right ear thrice, and retired.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

A Sketch of Mangogul's *moral Philosophy.*

MAngogul, impatient to see the favorite again, slept little, arose earlier than usual, and was in her appartment before sun-rising. She had already rung the bell: a servant had just opened the curtains, and her women were preparing to dress her. The Sultan look'd narrowly around her, and seeing never a dog, he asked her the reason of this oddity. "I see, answered *Mirzoza*, that you "think me singular in this article, "but there is nothing in it." I assure you, replied the Sultan, that I see dogs about all the women of my court, and you will oblige me in inform-

forming me why they have them, or why you have none. Moſt of them have ſeveral, and not one of them but laviſhes ſuch careſſes on her own, as ſhe ſeems not to beſtow on her lover without ſome difficulty. How come theſe beaſts to deſerve the preference? What uſe is made of them?

Mirzoza was puzzled at theſe queſtions: however, ſhe made this anſwer. "To be ſure, one keeps a dog "as a parrot or a canary bird. It may "be ridiculous to ſet one's heart on "theſe animals; but there is no- "thing wonderful in having them: "they ſometimes amuſe, and never "injure. If they are careſſed, 'tis "becauſe ſuch careſſes are of no con- "ſequence. Beſides, do you be- "lieve, prince, that a lover is ſatiſ- "fied with a kiſs, ſuch as a woman "beſtows on her pug-dog?" Doubtleſs, I believe it, ſays the Sultan. By

Ju-

Jupiter the man muſt be very nice, who would not be ſatisfied.

One of *Mirzoza*'s women, who had gain'd the good will of the Sultan and his favorite by ſweetneſs of temper, good parts, and zeal, ſaid: "Theſe animals are inconvenient and "naſty: they dirty one's clothes, "ſpoil the furniture, tare laces, and "do more miſchief in a quarter of "an hour, than would be ſufficient "to throw the moſt faithful lady's "woman into diſgrace: and yet they "are kept."

Tho', according to madam, they are good for nothing but that, added the Sultan.

"Prince, ſaid *Mirzoza*, we ſtick "to our fancies, and the keeping of "dogs muſt be one, like many "others, which would be no longer "fancies, if we could give a reaſon "for them. The reign of monkeys "is

" is paſt, the parrots ſtill ſupport
" themſelves. Dogs fell, and now
" they riſe again. Squirrels have
" had their time: and it is with ani-
" mals, as it has ſucceſſively been with
" *Italian*, *Engliſh*, geometry, far-
" thingales, and furbela's."

Mirzoza, replied the Sultan, ſhaking his head, has not all the knowledge that may be acquired on this ſubject; and the Toys——

" Is not your highneſs going to ima-
" gine, ſaid the favorite, that you
" will be inform'd by *Haria*'s Toy,
" why that woman, who ſaw her ſon,
" one of her daughters, and her huſ-
" band, die without ſhedding a tear,
" wept the loſs of her lap-dog for a
" whole fortnight".

Why not, replied *Mangogul*?

" Truly, ſays *Mirzoza*, if our
" Toys could explain all our whims,
" they

"they would be more knowing than "ourſelves."

Pray, who diſputes that with you, replied the Sultan? For my part I believe that the Toy makes a woman do a hundred things, without her perceiving it: and I have remark'd on more occaſions than one, that a woman, who thought ſhe was following her head, was obeying her Toy. A great philoſopher placed the ſoul, I mean ours, in the pineal gland. If I allowed women to have one, I well know where I would place it.

"I excuſe you from informing "me, rejoin'd *Mirzoza* haſtily." But you will permit me at leaſt, ſaid *Mangogul*, to communicate ſome notions to you, which my ring has ſuggeſted to me concerning women, upon a ſuppoſition that they have a ſoul. The experiments, which I have made with my ring, have made me a great

moralift. I have neither the wit of *La Bruyere*, nor the logic of *Port Royal*, nor the imagination of *Montagne*, nor the wifdom of *Charron*: but I have collected facts, to which perhaps they were ftrangers.

" Speak, prince, anfwered *Mir-* " *zoza* ironically, I will hear you " with all my ears. Moral effays of a " Sultan of your age muft be fome- " thing curious."

The fyftem of *Orcotomus* is extravagant, with the leave of his fellow academician *Hiragu*: yet I find fome fenfe in the anfwers which he gave to the objections ftarted againft it. If I allowed a foul to women, I would willingly fuppofe with him, that Toys have fpoken from the beginning, but foftly: and that the effect of the Genius *Cucufa*'s ring is reduced to raifing their voice. Upon this foundation no-

nothing can be more eafy than to define the whole fex.

The fober woman, for example, would be fhe whofe Toy is filent, or is not attended to.

The prude, fhe who pretends not to liften to her Toy.

The intriguing woman, fhe whofe Toy defires a great deal, and who allows it too much.

The voluptuous, fhe who gives ear to her Toy with complaifance.

The courtezan, fhe on whom her Toy is making demands every moment, and who refufes it nothing.

The coquette, fhe whofe Toy is mute, or is not attended to; but who gives hopes to all the men that come near her, that her Toy will fpeak one day or other, and it may happen that fhe will not lend it a deaf ear.

Well, delight of my foul, what do you think of my definitions? "I

" think, ſaid the favorite, that your " highneſs has forgot the tender wo- " man."

If I have not mentioned her, anſwered the Sultan, 'tis becauſe I don't know what the term means; and that ſome able men pretend, that the word tender, abſtracting from all connection with the Toy, is void of ſenſe.

" How, void of ſenſe, cried *Mirzoza*. What! there is no medium " then; and a woman muſt abſolutely " be a prude, an intriguer, a co- " quette, a voluptuous woman, or a " libertin."

Delight of my ſoul, ſaid the Sultan, I am willing to own the inaccuracy of my enumeration, and will add the tender woman to the preceding characters; but on condition that you will furniſh me with a definition of her, which will not coincide with any of mine.

" Moſt

" Moſt willingly, ſaid *Mirzoza.*
" I hope to compaſs it without quit-
" ting your ſyſtem."

Let us ſee, added *Mangogul.*

" Well then, replied the favorite—
" a tender woman is ſhe" ———.

Courage, *Mirzoza,* ſaid *Mangogul.*

" Oh! I beg you won't diſturb me.
" The tender woman is ſhe ———
" who has loved without a word ut-
" ter'd by her Toy, or ——— whoſe
" Toy has never ſpoke, but in favor of
" the ſingle man whom ſhe loved." "

It would not have been polite in the Sultan to chicane the favorite, and aſk her what ſhe underſtood by love: wherefore he avoided it. *Mirzoza* took his ſilence for conſent, and proceeded, proud of having extricated herſelf from a difficulty, which to her appeared conſiderable. " Ye men
" believe, becauſe we do not argue

" in form, that we do not reason. " Know once for all, that we could " as easily discover the falsity of your " paradoxes, as ye that of our rea- " sonings, if we would give our- " selves the trouble. If your high- " ness was less in a hurry to satisfy " your curiosity on the subject of " lap-dogs, I would in my turn give " you a scrap of my philosophy. But " it shall not be lost: I will reserve it " for one of those days, that you " will have more time to bestow on " me."

Mangogul assured her that he had no better business, than to profit of her philosophical notions; that the metaphysics of a Sultana of twenty two, ought not to be less singular than the morals of a Sultan of his age.

But *Mirzoza* apprehending that this was pure complaisance in *Mangogul*, begg'd some time to prepare, and thus gave

gave the Sultan a pretext for flying whither his impatience might call him.



CHAP. XXIII.

Tenth trial of the Ring.

The DOGS.

MAngogul went immediately to *Haria*'s houſe; and as he took pleaſure in ſoliloquy, he ſaid within himſelf: "This woman never goes "to bed without her four dogs, and "either Toys know nothing of thoſe "animals, or her's will give me "ſome account of them; for, thank "God, 'tis well known that ſhe loves "her dogs to admiration." At the end of this monology he found himſelf in *Haria*'s anti-chamber, and his olfactory organ already informed him of madam having her uſual company

in bed with her. These were a little shag-dog, a spaniel, and two pug-dogs. The Sultan drew out his snuff-box, took two pinches of *Spanish* by way of preservative, and approached *Haria*. She was asleep, but the pack, who were upon the watch, hearing some noise, fell to barking, and woke her. "Peace, my children, said she, "but in so mild a tone, that she could "not be suspected of speaking to her "daughters, go to sleep, go to sleep, "and don't disturb my rest nor your "own."

Haria was formerly young and pretty. She had had lovers of her own rank, but they all disappear'd even sooner than her charms. By way of comforting herself for this desertion, she gave into a whimsical sort of pomp, and her footmen were the handsomest fellows in *Banza*. She

grew

grew older and older, and years threw her into œconomy: ſhe reſtrained herſelf to four dogs and two *Bramins*, and became a model of edification. And ſurely the moſt envenom'd ſatyr could find no room to carp at this management; and for above ten years *Haria* was in peaceful poſſeſſion of a high reputation of virtue, and of thoſe animals. Nay, her tenderneſs for the pug-dogs was ſo well known, that the *Bramins* were no longer ſuſpected of ſharing it.

Haria renewed her intreaty to thoſe beaſts, and they had the complaiſance to obey. Then *Mangogul* applied his ring, and the ſuperannuated Toy ſet about relating the laſt of its adventures. It was ſuch a vaſt while ſince the firſt were atchieved, that it had almoſt loſt the very remembrance of them. "Withdraw, *Pompey*, it ſaid with a "hoarſe voice, you fatigue me. I

"like *Dido* better; I find her more "gentle." *Pompey*, who was abſolutely ignorant of the Toy's voice, went on in his own way: but *Haria* awaking, continued. "Get away, "then, you little rogue, you hinder "me from taking reſt. That is well "ſome times: but too much is too "much." *Pompey* withdrew, *Dido* took his place, and *Haria* fell aſleep.

Mangogul, who had ſuſpended the energy of his ring, turn'd it on, and the antiquated Toy, uttering a deep ſigh, fell to jabbering, and ſaid: "Alas! how I am grieved for the "death of my large grey-hound; "ſhe was the beſt little wife, the moſt "careſſing creature: ſhe never ceaſed "giving amuſement. She was ſo ſen-"ſible, ſo genteel. Ye are but beaſts "in compariſon of her. That naughty "maſter of mine killed her.——— "Poor *Zinzolina*, I never think of "her,

" her, without watering my plants. " I thought it would have been the " death of my miſtreſs. She neither " eat nor drank for two days, and " narrowly eſcaped loſing her ſenſes. " Judge of her ſorrow: her director, " her friends, nay her very pug-dogs " were kept from me. Orders were " iſſued to her women to refuſe the " door of her appartment to my ma-" ſter, under the penalty of being " turn'd off.———That monſter has " robb'd me of my dear *Zinzolina*, " cried ſhe; let him not appear be-" fore me, I am reſolved never to ſee " him more."

Mangogul, curious of learning the circumſtances of *Zinzolina*'s death, revived the electrical power of his ring by rubbing it on the ſkirt of his doublet, pointed it at *Haria*, and the Toy reſumed: " *Haria*, *Ramadec*'s widow,

" coiffed herſelf with *Sindor*. This
" youth was of good birth, had no
" other fortune, but a certain merit
" which pleaſes the ſex, and was, after
" dogs, *Haria*'s predominant taſte.
" *Sindor*'s indigence conquered his
" repugnance to *Haria*'s years and
" dogs. Twenty thouſand crowns a
" year blinded his eyes with regard to
" the wrinkles of his miſtreſs, and the
" inconveniency of the pug-dogs;
" and he married her.

" He was in hopes of getting the
" better of our beaſts by his talents,
" and complaiſant behavior; and to
" bring them into diſgrace from the
" very commencement of his reign;
" but he was deceived. After the ex-
" piration of ſome months, when he
" thought he had merited much by his
" ſervices; he took into his head to
" remonſtrate to madam, that her
" dogs were not as good company in
" bed

" bed for him as for her; that it was
" ridiculous to have more than three;
" and that to admit more than one at
" a time, was turning the nuptial bed
" into a kennel.

" I advise you, said *Haria*, in a
" furious tone, to attack me with
" such speeches. Truly it well be-
" comes a pitiful younger son from
" *Gascony*, whom I have taken from a
" garret, which was not good enough
" for my dogs, to give himself airs of
" nicety! To be sure, your sheets
" were perfumed, my little squire,
" when you dwelt in furnish'd lodg-
" ings. Know this once for all, that
" my dogs were long before you in
" possession of my bed, and that you
" may choose either to quit it, or
" be content to share it with them.

" The declaration was peremptory,
" and our dogs remain'd masters of
" their post. But one night, as we

" were all aſleep, *Sindor*, in turning " unluckily kick'd *Zinzolina*. The " hound, not uſed to ſuch treatment, " bit the calf of his leg; and ma- " dam was immediately awaked by " *Sindor*'s cries. What is the matter " with you, Sir, one would think " your throat was cutting: you " dream. It is your dogs, madam, " that devour me, and your grey- " hound has juſt torn off a piece of " my leg. Is that all, ſays *Haria*, " turning from him? You make a " vaſt noiſe for nothing."

Sindor, piqued at this diſcourſe, jump'd out of bed, ſwearing that he would never ſet his foot in it again, till the pack was baniſh'd thence. He employ'd friends, in order to obtain the exile of the dogs: but they all failed in that important negotiation. " *Haria*'s anſwer to them was, that " *Sindor* was a knight of the poſt,

" whom

" whom ſhe had drawn out of a " cock-loft, which he ſhared with " rats and mice; that it ill became " him to be ſo nice; that he ſlept the " whole night long; that ſhe loved " her dogs; that they amuſed her; " that from her infancy ſhe had taken " a liking to their careſſes; and that " ſhe was reſolved never to deprive " herſelf of them till death. Tell " him beſides, continued ſhe, ad- " dreſſing the mediators, that if he " does not humbly ſubmit to my will, " he will repent it while he lives; " that I will retract the donation I " have made him, and will add it to " the ſums which I have bequeathed " by my will, for the ſupport of my " dear children.

" Between you and me, added the " Toy, *Sindor* muſt have been a " great fool, to hope that ſhe would " do for him, what could not be ob-

" tained

" tained by twenty lovers, a director, " a confessor, with a legion of *Bra-* " *mins*, who had all lost their *Latin* " on that head. Mean while, as often " as *Sindor* met our animals, he was " seized with such fits of passion, as " he could hardly conquer. One day " the unfortunate *Zinzolina* fell in his " way. He took her by the neck, " and threw her out of the window. " The poor creature was kill'd by the " fall. Then it was, that a fine noise " was made. *Haria*, with inflamed " countenance, and eyes bathed in " tears———

The Toy was going to repeat what it had already told; for Toys willingly fall into repetitions: but *Mangogul* cut its words short. Its silence was not of long duration: when the prince thought he had put this doting Toy out of its road, he restored it the freedom of speech; and the Tatler, burst-

burſting out into a loud laugh, reſumed by way of recollection: "But "*à propos*, I forgot to tell you what "paſs'd on *Haria*'s wedding-night. "I have ſeen a power of ridiculous "things in my life, but never one that "came up to this. After a ſplendid "ſupper, the bride and bridegroom "were conducted to their appartment. "Every body retired except madam's "women who undreſs her: ſhe is un- "dreſs'd, put to bed, and *Sinder* "alone remains with her. Obſerving "that the ſhag-dog, the two pugs, "and the grey-hound, more alert "than himſelf, were taking poſſeſ- "ſion of his bride; permit me, ma- "dam, he ſaid, to remove theſe ri- "vals a little. My dear, do what "you can, anſwered *Haria*: for my "part, I have not the courage to "drive them away; theſe little ani-

"mals

" mals are ſo attached to me; and I
" have been ſo long without any
" other company. Perhaps, replied
" *Sindor*, they will have the polite-
" neſs this night to ſurrender the fort
" to me, which I muſt take poſſeſſion
" of. Try, ſir, ſaid *Haria*.

" At firſt *Sindor* tried gentle means,
" and pray'd *Zinzolina* to retire to a
" corner. But the untractable ani-
" mal fell to growling: the allarm
" ſpread among the reſt of the troop;
" and the pug-dogs and ſhag-dog
" bark'd as if their miſtreſs's throat was
" cutting, *Sindor*, loſing all patience
" at this noiſe, toſſes away one of the
" pugs, drives off the other, and
" ſeizes *Pompey* by the paw. *Pom-*
" *pey*, the faithful *Pompey*, abandoned
" by his allies, endeavour'd to repair
" this loſs by the advantages of the
" poſt. Fix'd on his miſtreſs's thighs,
" with eyes inflamed, hair ſtanding
" an

" an end, and open mouth, he grin'd, " and ſhew'd the enemy two rows of " very ſharp teeth. *Sindor* made ſe- " veral aſſaults on him, and *Pompey* " repell'd him as often, with bitten " fingers and torn ruffles. The action " laſted above a quarter of an hour " with an obſtinacy which gave di- " verſion to none but *Haria*; when " *Sindor* had recourſe to a ſtratagem " againſt an enemy, whom he de- " ſpaired conquering by force. He " provoked *Pompey* with the right " hand. *Pompey* watching this mo- " tion, did not obſerve that of the " left, and was ſeized by the neck. " He made moſt vigorous efforts to " diſengage himſelf, but in vain. He " was obliged to quit the field of " battle, and ſurrender up *Haria*. " *Sindor* took poſſeſſion of her, but " not without effuſion of blood: in " all likelihood *Haria* had reſolved

" that her wedding-night ſhould be
" a bloody one: her animals made a
" good defence, and diſappointed not
" her expectations."

There, ſays *Mangogul*, is a Toy, that could write a *Gazette* better than my ſecretary. And now well knowing what notions to form of lap dogs, he return'd to the favorite.

" Prepare yourſelf, ſaid he, as
" ſoon as he ſaw her, to hear the
" moſt extravagant things in the
" world. 'Tis much worſe than the
" baboons of *Palabria*. Could you
" believe, that *Haria*'s four dogs
" were the rivals, and the preferred
" rivals of her huſband; and that the
" death of a greyhound has raiſed a
" quarrel between that couple, never
" to be made up."

What do you ſay, replied the favorite, of rivals and dogs. I am quite in the dark. I know that *Haria* loves

her

her dogs exceſſively; but I know at the ſame time that *Sindor* is a hot-temper'd man, who perhaps did not uſe all that complaiſance, which women require, to whom a man owes his fortune. But yet, whatever has been his conduct, I cannot conceive that it has drawn rivals on him. *Haria* is ſo venerable, that I could wiſh your highneſs would vouchſafe to explain yourſelf more intelligibly.

Liſten, ſays *Mangogul*, and agree that women have exceſſively whimſical taſtes, to ſay nothing worſe; then he related *Haria*'s hiſtory to her word for word, as the Toy had told it. *Mirzoza* could not refrain from laughter at the firſt night's battle: but preſently reſuming a ſerious air: " I " can't tell, ſaid ſhe to *Mangogul*, " what indignation ſeizes me. I ſhall " have an averſion for theſe animals " and all thoſe who keep any, and I " ſhall

" ſhall declare to my women that I
" will turn off the firſt, who ſhall
" be even ſuſpected of having a lap-
" dog."

Pray, replied the Sultan, why will you extend your hatred ſo far? You women are always upon extremes. Theſe animals are good for hunting, are neceſſary in the country, and have many other uſes, without reckoning that which *Haria* makes of them.

In truth, ſaid *Mirzoza*, I begin to believe that your highneſs will find it a difficult taſk to light on a virtuous woman.

I told you ſo, anſwered *Mangogul*; but let us not be over haſty: you may one time or other upbraid me with being indebted to your want of patience for a declaration, which I pretend to owe entirely to the trials of my ring. I have ſome in my mind, which will aſtoniſh you. All ſecrets

are

are not yet unveiled; and I expect to draw more important discoveries from those Toys, which remain to be consulted.

Mirzoza was in perpetual apprehensions for her own. *Mangogul's* discourse threw her into such uneasiness, as she was not able to conceal from him: but the Sultan, who had bound himself by an oath, and in his heart had a regard for religion, used his best endeavours to calm her mind, gave her some very tender kisses, and went to his council, whither affairs of moment called him.

CHAP. XXIV.

Eleventh trial of the Ring.

The PENSIONS.

CONGO had been disturbed by bloody wars in the reigns of *Kanoglou* and *Erguebzed*; and those two monarchs had immortalized themselves by the conquests they had made over their neighbours. The emperors of *Abex* and *Angola* look'd on the youth of *Mangogul* and the begining of his reign, as favourable conjunctures to recover the provinces that had been taken from them. Wherefore they declared war against *Congo*, and attacked it on every side. *Mangogul* had the best council in all *Africa*: and old *Sambuco* and the Emir *Mirzala*, who were train'd up in the former wars, were

were placed at the head of the troops, gain'd victories on victories, and formed generals capable of succeeding them; an advantage of greater importance than even their successes.

Thanks to the activity of the council, and the good conduct of the generals, the enemy, who thought themselves sure of overcoming the empire, did not advance as far as the frontiers, made a poor defence of their own, and saw their fortified towns and provinces ravaged. But, such constant and glorious successes notwithstanding, *Congo* grew weaker by aggrandizing itself: the frequent raising of troops unpeopled the towns and country: and the treasury was exhausted.

The sieges and battles had cost a vast number of lives: the grand Visier, very lavish of the blood of the soldiery, was accused of having hazarded battles that tended to nothing.

Every

Every family was in mourning: not one, but wept a father, a brother, or a friend. The number of officers ſlain was prodigious; and could be compared to naught but their wives, who ſollicited penſions. The cloſets of the miniſters were beſet with them. They peſtered the Sultan himſelf with petitions, in which the merit and ſervices of the deceaſed, the grief of their widows, the diſmal condition of their children, and other moving motives were not forgotten. Nothing ſeemed more equitable than their requeſts: but on what fund to ground penſions which amounted to millions?

The miniſters, after having exhauſted ſpeeches, and ſometimes peeviſhneſs and rough language, were obliged to deliberate on the means of bringing this affair to a final iſſue: but they had an excellent reaſon for concluding

cluding nothing: there was not a penny left.

Mangogul, tired with the falſe reaſonings of his miniſters and the lamentations of the widows, hit upon the expedient, which his miniſtry had been ſo long hunting after. " Gentlemen, " ſaid he to his council, I am of " opinion that, before any penſions " are granted, it would be proper to " examine if they are lawfully due." This examination, anſwered the great Seneſchal, will be immenſe, and of prodigious diſcuſſion. Yet how to reſiſt the clamors and perſecution of theſe women, by whom you, ſir, are particularly teazed? " It will not be " as difficult a taſk as you imagine, " Mr. Seneſchal, replied the Sultan; " and I promiſe you that by to morrow " noon the whole affair ſhall be termi- " nated, by the laws of the ſtricteſt " equity. Do you only bring them

" to my audience chamber by nine in
" the morning.

The council broke up, the Senefchal went into his office, pondered profoundly, and drew up the following proclamation; which in three hours time was printed, publifhed by found of trumpet, and fixed up at all the moft public places of *Banza*.

By the Sultan's moft excellent majefty, and my lord the grand Senefchal,

We Gander-beak, grand Senefchal of *Congo*, vifir of the firft bench, train-bearer to the great *Manimonbanda*, chief and fuper-intendant of the fweepers of the divan, give notice, that to-morrow morning at nine of the clock, the magnanimous Sultan will give audience to the widows of the officers flain in his fervice, in order to decree, on fight of their preten-

tenſions, what to him ſhall ſeem meet. Given at our office the twelfth of the moon of Regeb, in the year 147200000009.

All the diſtreſſed women of *Congo*, and a great number of them there was, did not fail to read the proclamation, or to ſend their footmen to read it; and leſs ſtill to be at the appointed hour, in the lobby of the audience chamber. "In order to
"avoid a crowd, let no more enter,
"ſaid the Sultan, than ſix of theſe
"ladies at once. When we have
"heard them, let them paſs thro'
"the back door, which leads to the
"outward courts. You, gentlemen,
"be attentive, and pronounce on their
"demands."

This ſaid, he made a ſignal to the firſt gentleman uſher of the audiences; and the ſix, who happen'd to be next the door, were introduced. They

entered in long mourning robes, and made low reverences to his highneſs. *Mangogul* addreſſed the youngeſt and handſomeſt of them, whoſe name was *Iſec*. " Madam, ſaid he, how long " is it ſince you have loſt your huſ- " band?" Three months, anſwered *Iſec* weeping. He was lieutenant general in your highneſs's ſervice. He was kill'd in the laſt battle, and ſix children are the only legacy he left me— " He left you, interrupted a " voice, which, tho' iſſuing from " *Iſec*, was not exactly in the ſame " tone with her's? Madam knows " better than ſhe ſays. They were " all begun and finiſhed by a young " *Bramin*, who daily came to com- " fort her, while my maſter was in " the field."

'Tis eaſy to gueſs, whence proceeded the indiſcreet voice, which pronounced this anſwer. Poor *Iſec*, being

ing put out of countenance, grew pale, trembled, fainted. " Madam is sub-
" ject to the vapors, said *Mangogul*
" with an air of tranquillity: let her
" be carried into an appartment of
" the Seraglio, and be taken care
" of." Then immediately addressing *Phenice*: " Madam, said he, was
" not your husband a Pacha?" Yes, sir, answered *Phenice* in a trembling voice. " And how have you lost
" him?" Sir, he died in his bed, quite exhausted with the fatigues of the last campaign — " With the fa-
" tigues of the last campaign, replied
" *Phenice*'s Toy. Go, madam, your
" husband brought a firm and vigo-
" rous state of health from the camp;
" and he would still enjoy it, had
" not two or three scoundrel players,
" —— you understand me, take
" care of yourself." Write, says the Sultan, that *Phenice* demands

 a pen-

a penſion, for the good ſervices, which ſhe has rendered to the ſtate and her huſband.

A third was interrogated on her huſband's age and name, who was ſaid to have died in the army of the ſmall-pox. Of the ſmall pox, ſaid the Toy, a fine ſtory indeed: ſay, madam, of two good ſtrokes of a ſcymeter which he received from the *Sangiac Cavaglio*, becauſe he took it ill, that his eldeſt ſon was ſaid to be as like the *Sangiac*, as one egg is to another: and madam knows as well as I, added the Toy, that a likeneſs was never better grounded.

The fourth was going to ſpeak without being interrogated by *Mangogul*, when her Toy was heard to cry out from the lower regions, that theſe ten years paſt, which the war had laſted, ſhe had made pretty good uſe of her time; that two pages

and a huge ſcoundrel of a footman had ſupplied her huſband's place; and that without doubt ſhe deſigned the penſion, which ſhe was ſolliciting, for keeping an actor of the comic opera.

A fifth ſtept forward with intrepidity, and with an air of confidence demanded the reward of her late huſband's ſervices, who was an aga of the Janiſſaries, and loſt his life under the walls of *Matatras*. The Sultan turn'd his ring on her, but to no purpoſe. Her Toy was mute. I muſt own, ſays the *African* author, who had ſeen her, that ſhe was ſo ugly, that the by-ſtanders would be aſtoniſhed, if her Toy had any thing to ſay.

Mangogul was got to the ſixth, and here are the expreſs words of her Toy. "Truly, it well becomes madam, " meaning her, whoſe Toy was obſti-

"nately ſilent, to ſollicite penſions,
"while ſhe lives upon the poule,
"keeps a breland table which brings
"her in three thouſand ſequins a
"year, makes private ſuppers at the
"expence of the gameſters, and re-
"ceived ſix hundred ſequins from
"*Oſman*, to draw me to one of theſe
"ſuppers, where the treacherous *Oſ-*
"*man*" ———

Due regard ſhall be paid to your petitions, ladies, ſaid the Sultan: for the preſent ye may withdraw. Then directing his words to his counſellors, he aſk'd them, if it did not ſeem ridiculous to them to grant penſions to a herd of little baſtards of *Bramins* and others, and to women whoſe employment it was to diſhonor brave men, who had enter'd into his ſervice in queſt of glory, at the expence of their lives.

The

The Senefchal ftood up, anfwered, declaimed, refumed, and gave his opinion obfcurely as ufual. While he was yet fpeaking, *Ifec* recovered from her fit, quite enraged at her adventure; and, as fhe expected no penfion for herfelf, and would run diftracted, if any other obtain'd one, which would have happened in all likelihood, fhe went directly into the antichamber, and whifpered to two or three of her female friends, that they were fummoned thither purely to hear their Toys chatter; that fhe herfelf heard one deliver horrid things in the audience chamber; that fhe would not name it for the world; but that they muft be fools, to expofe themfelves to the fame danger.

This advice paffed from hand to hand, and difperfed the crowd of widows. When the gentleman ufher opened the door to let in a fecond

parcel; not one was there. "Well,
"Senefchal, will you believe me ano-
"ther time, said *Mangogul* inform-
"ed of the desertion, to the good
"man, clapping him on the shoul-
"der? I promised to rid you of these
"female weepers, and I have done
"it. Yet they were very assiduous
"in making court to you, notwith-
"standing your fourscore and fifteen
"years of age. But whatever pre-
"tensions you may possibly have:
"for I am not ignorant of the faci-
"lity you had to form pretensions
"on these ladies, I fancy you are
"obliged to me for their retreat.
"They gave you more embarras than
"pleasure."

The *African* author informs us, that the remembrance of this trial is kept up in *Congo*; and for that reason it is, that the government is so sparing of granting pensions: but this

was not the only good effect of *Cucufa*'s ring, as we ſhall ſee in the following chapter.



CHAP. XXV.

Twelfth Trial of the Ring.

A LAW CASE.

RAPES were ſeverely puniſhed in *Congo*: and there happened a moſt notorious one in *Mangogul*'s reign. This prince, at his acceſſion to the crown, had ſworn, like all his predeceſſors, never to grant a pardon for that crime: but be laws ever ſo ſevere, they ſeldom curb thoſe, whom a conſiderable advantage urges to infringe them. The criminal was condemned to loſe that part of him, by which he had ſinned; a cruel operation, of which he generally died;

as the perſon who performed it, uſed leſs precaution than *B——ll.*

Kerſael, a young man of a good family, had now languiſhed ſix months in a dungeon, waiting for the day of execution. *Fatme*, a young pretty woman, was his *Lucretia* and accuſer. Every body knew, that they had been very well together; *Fatme*'s indulgent huſband took no exceptions againſt it: therefore it would be ungenteel in the public to intermeddle in their affairs.

After an undiſturbed commerce of two years, whether thro' inconſtancy or diſguſt, *Kerſael* took to a dancer at the opera of *Banza*, and grew cold towards *Fatme*, yet without coming to an open rupture. He reſolved to make a decent retreat; which obliged him to continue his viſits in the houſe. *Fatme* enraged for being thus forſaken, meditated revenge, and made uſe of

this

this remnant of his aſſiduities to deſtroy her unfaithful lover.

One day, that the convenient huſband had left them *tete à tete*, and that *Kerſael*, having ungirt his ſcymeter, was endeavouring to allay *Fatme*'s ſuſpicions by proteſtations, which coſt nothing to lovers, but never ſurprize the credulity of a jealous woman; ſhe aſſumed an affrighted air, and having tore her dreſs at five or ſix pulls, ſhriek'd out horridly, and call'd to her huſband and domeſtics for help; who ran immediately, and became witneſſes to the injury, which *Fatme* ſaid ſhe received from *Kerſael*; and ſhewing the ſcymeter, added: "This "the infamous villain lifted at my "head ten times to make me ſubmit "to his will."

The young man, ſtruck dumb at the blackneſs of the accuſation, had not power either to anſwer or make his

his escape. He was seiz'd, dragg'd to prison, and deliver'd up to justice and the prosecution of the Cadilesker.

The laws ordained that *Fatme* should be visited. Accordingly she was; and the report of the matrons proved very unfavourable to the accused. They had an original standard, by which they could determine the condition of a violated woman; and every circumstance concurred against *Kersael.* The judges examined him, *Fatme* was confronted with him, and the evidence was heard. In vain did he plead innocence, deny the fact, and demonstrate by the commerce which he held with his accuser above two years,* that she was not a woman to be ravished. The circumstance of the scymeter, the *tete à tete* solitude, *Kersael's* confusion at the sight of the husband and domestics; taken all together formed, in the opinion of the

judges,

judges, violent presumptions. *Fatme* on her side, far from owning that she had granted him favors, would not even allow that she gave him the least glimmering of hopes; and maintain'd that her obstinate adherence to her duty, from which she had never flinch'd, was without doubt what urged *Kersael* to acquire by force, what he despair'd obtaining by craft. The verbal process drawn up by the commissaries was another terrible piece. Nothing more was requisite, than to run it over, and compare it with the articles of the *Criminal Code*, to read unhappy *Kersael*'s condemnation therein. He lost all expectations of life either by his defence, or the credit of his family; the magistrates had fixed the definitive sentence to the thirteenth of the month of Rebeg: and this was even published by sound of trumpet, according to custom.

This

This affair became the topic of converſations, and people were divided upon it for a good while. Some old hags, who had always been very ſafe from any apprehenſions of a rape, ran about crying: "That *Kerſael's* "attack was enormous; that unleſs "a ſevere example were made of "him, innocence would be no long- "er in ſecurity; and that an honeſt "woman would be expoſed to inſults, "even at the horns of the Altar." Then they cited inſtances of little impertinent puppies having attack'd the virtue of ſeveral reſpectable ladies: and the circumſtances left no room to doubt, but that thoſe reſpectable ladies mentioned by them were themſelves: and all theſe ſpeeches were made to *Bramins* leſs innocent than *Kerſael*, and by devotes as chaſte as *Fatme*, by way of edifying converſations.

The

The *Petits-Maitres* on the contrary, and even ſome *Petites-Maitreſſes*, aſſerted that a rape was a chimæra, that a woman never ſurrendered but by capitulation ; and that, if a fort was defended, tho' ever ſo little, it was abſolutely impoſſible to take it by ſtorm. Examples were alledged in ſupport of this reaſoning : the women knew ſome ; the *Petits-Maitres* invented others ; and there was no end of quoting inſtances of women, who had not been raviſhed. "Poor *Ker-*
"*ſael*, ſaid they, what the devil had he
"in his head, to take to little *Bim-*
"*breloqua*, which was the dancer's
"name, why did he not ſtick to
"*Fatme?* They were extremely well
"together, and the huſband left them
"at full liberty : what a bleſſing——
"Thoſe witches the matrons put on
"their ſpectacles to no purpoſe, for
"they ſaw nothing. And indeed,
"who

"who is the person that can see clear
"in that place? And besides, the
"senators are going to deprive him of
"his joy, for having burst an open
"door. The poor lad will die of it,
"no doubt. After that, pray con-
"sider, what will not dissatisfied wo-
"men be authorized to do.——If
"this execution takes place, inter-
"rupted another, I will make myself
"a free mason."

Mirzoza, naturally compassionate, remonstrated to *Mangogul*, who was joking her on *Kersael*'s case, that if the laws spoke against *Kersael*, good sense deposed against *Fatme*. "More-
"over, added she, it has never been
"heard, that, in a wise government,
"the letter of the law should be so
"closely adhered to, that the simple
"allegation of a female accuser should
"be sufficient to endanger the life of
"a subject. The reality of a rape
"can-

" cannot be too clearly proved; and " you will allow, Sir, that this fact is " as much at least within the province " of your ring as of your senators. " It would be very singular, that the " matrons should be more knowing " on this head than the Toys them- " selves. Hitherto your highness's " ring has done little more than sa- " tisfy your curiosity. Might not " the Genius, from whom you had it, " have intended some more important " end? If you employ it for the dis- " covery of truth, and the happiness " of your subjects, can you think " the Genius will be offended? Try. " You are in possession of an infallible " method of drawing from *Fatme* a " confession of her crime, or a proof " of her innocence." You are in the right, replied *Mangogul*, and you shall be satisfied.

The Sultan departed immediately: and indeed there was no time to loſe: for it was the night of the twelfth of the moon Rebeg, and the ſenate was to pronounçe ſentence on the thirteenth. *Fatme* was juſt got into bed, the curtains were not quite cloſed. A night taper threw a dull light on her countenance. The Sultan thought her beautiful, notwithſtanding the violent commotions which disfigured her. Compaſſion and hatred, grief and revenge, audacious neſs and ſhame were painted in her eyes, according as they ſucceeded each other in her heart. She uttered deep ſighs, ſhed tears, wiped them off, ſhed freſh ones, remained ſome moments with her head drooping and eyes dejected, then ſuddenly raiſed them, and darted furious looks towards the heavens. What was *Mangogul* doing all this time? He was talking to himſelf, and ſaying,

ſaying. “ Theſe are the ſymptoms
“ of deſpair. Her former tender-
“ neſs for *Kerſael* has revived in all
“ its violence. She has loſt ſight of
“ the offence he committed, and has
“ nothing in view but the puniſhment
“ reſerved for her lover.” As ſoon
as he had finiſhed theſe words, he
turned the fatal ring on *Fatme*, and
her Toy cried out with vehemence.

“ Twelve hours more, and we
“ ſhall be revenged. The treache-
“ rous ingrateful man ſhall periſh,
“ and his blood ſhall be ſhed.” *Fatme*
affrighted at the extraordinary motion
which ſhe felt within her, and
ſhock'd at the buzzing voice of her
Toy, clapt both hands on it, and put
herſelf upon duty to ſtop its mouth.
But the powerful ring continued to
act, and the ungovernable Toy breaking
thro' every obſtacle, added:
“ Yes, we ſhall be revenged. O!

“ thou

"thou who haſt betray'd me, wretch-
"ed *Kerſael*, dye, and thou, whom he
"has preferred to me, O *Bim-
"breloqua*, deſpair! —— Twelve
"hours more! Alas! how tedi-
"ous will this time appear to me.
"Haſten, ſweet moments, when I
"ſhall ſee the treacherous, the in-
"grateful *Kerſael* under the execu-
"tioner's knife, his blood trickling
"down —— Ah! Wretch, what have
"I ſaid? Can I without horror ſee
"the deareſt object of my love pe-
"riſh? Can I ſee the fatal weapon
"lifted up? —— Ah! far from me
"this cruel thought. — He hates me,
"'tis true; he has quitted me for
"*Bimbreloqua*, but perhaps ſome time
"or other —— why do I ſay, per-
"haps? Love will certainly recall him
"under my yoke. That little *Bim-
"breloqua* is a fancy that will fly off;
"he muſt ſooner or later be ſenſible of

"the

" the injuſtice of his preference, and the " ridiculouſneſs of his new choice. " Comfort thyſelf, *Fatme*, thou ſhalt ſee " thy *Kerſael* again. Yes, thou ſhalt ſee " him again. Ariſe quickly, run, fly " to remove the dreadful danger which " threatens him. Doſt thou not tremble " to come too late? — But whither " ſhall I run, mean wretch that I am. " Does not *Kerſael*'s diſdain foretel me, " that he has abandoned me for ever. " *Bimbreloqua* enjoys him, and 'tis for " her that I was going to ſave him: ah! " let him rather dye a thouſand deaths. " If he lives no more for me, why " ſhould I be concerned for his death? " —Yes, I am now convinced that my " wrath is juſt. The ingrateful *Kerſael* " has deſerved all my hatred. I no " longer have any remorſe. I had done " every thing to keep him, I will do " every thing to deſtroy him. Yet one " day later, and my revenge was diſap-

" pointed.

" pointed. But his evil genius deliver-
" ed him up to me, the very moment
" that he thought to eſcape me. He is
" fallen into the ſnare which I laid for
" him. I have him faſt. The appoint-
" ment, to which I contrived to bring
" thee, was the laſt which thou in-
" tendedſt for me: but thou wilt not
" ſo ſoon forget it.—With what ad-
" dreſs did you bring him to your
" beck? *Fatme*, how well concerted
" was your diſorder? Your ſhrieks, your
" grief, your tears, your confuſion, eve-
" ry thing, even to your ſilence, has
" ruin'd *Kerſael*. Nothing can ſnatch
" him from his impending fate. *Ker-
" ſael* is dead—You weep, wretched
" woman. He loved another, of what
" conſequence is his life to you."

Mangogul, filled with horror at this diſcourſe, turned off his ring; and while *Fatme* was recruiting her ſpirits, he flew back to the Sultana. "Well,

" prince,

" prince, said she, what have you " heard? Is *Kersael* still guilty, and " the chast *Fatme*" — I beseech you to excuse me, answered the Sultan, from repeating the abominations which I come from hearing. How an exasperated woman is to be dreaded! Who could believe, that a body formed by the graces, sometimes enclosed a heart molded the furies? But the sun shall not set to-morrow on my dominions, before they be purged of a monster more dangerous than those which are produced in my deserts.

The Sultan immediately sent for the Seneschal, and commanded him to seize *Fatme*, to remove *Kersael* into one of the appartments of the seraglio, and to inform the Senate, that he reserved to himself the cognizance of his affair. His orders were executed that very night.

The next morning at dawn of day, the Sultan attended by the Senefchal and an Effendi, went to *Mirzoza's* appartment, and had *Fatme* brought thither. This unfortunate woman threw herfelf at *Mangogul's* feet, confeffed her crime with all its circumftances, and conjured *Mirzoza* to intercede for her. Mean while *Kerfael* was conducted in. He expected nothing but death: however he made his appearance with that compofed affurance, which innocence alone can give. Some ill-natured wags faid, that he would be in greater confternation, if what he was threaten'd to lofe, was worth preferving. The women were upon the tenters to know the iffue. He proftrated himfelf refpectuoufly before his highnefs. *Mangogul* made him a fignal to arife, and giving him his hand, "You are "innocent, faid he, be free. Ren-

" der thanks to *Brama* for your pre-
" ſervation. In order to make amends
" for the miſery you have ſuffered,
" I grant you a penſion of two
" thouſand ſequins on my exchequer,
" and the firſt commandery that
" ſhall fall in the order of the Cro-
" codile."

The more favors were beſtowed on *Kerſael*, the more *Fatme* dreaded puniſhment. The great Seneſchal gave his opinion for death, grounded upon the law: *Si fœmina ff. de vi C. calumniatrix.* The Sultan was inclined for perpetual impriſonment. *Mirzoza* finding too much rigor in one of theſe judgments, and too much indulgence in the other, condemned *Fatme*'s Toy to the padlock. The Florentine machine was publickly clapt on, upon the ſame ſcaffold that had been erected for *Kerſael*'s execution. Thence ſhe was conducted to

a house of correction, together with the matrons who had given their decisive opinions with so much knowledge.

CHAP. XXVI.

Mirzoza's *Metaphysics.*

The Souls.

WHILE *Mangogul* was interrogating the Toys of *Haria*, the widows, and *Fatme*, *Mirzoza* had full time to prepare her philosophical lecture. One evening, that the *Manimonbanda* was performing her devotions; that there was neither play nor drawing room at court, and that the favorite was almost certain of a visit from the Sultan; she took two black petticoats, put one on in the usual manner, and the other over her shoulders,

ders, passed her hands thro' the two slits, put on the peruke of *Mangogul's* Seneschal, and his chaplain's square cap; and thought herself equipped as a philosopher, whereas she had disguised herself into a bat.

In this masquerade dress, she walked up and down her appartments, as a professor of the royal college waiting for his scholars. She affected even to the gloomy pensive physiognomy of a learned man in meditation. *Mirzoza* did not hold this forced gravity long. The Sultan entered with some of his courtiers, and made a low bow to the new philosopher; whose gravity disconcerted her audience, and was in its turn disconcerted by the loud laughter it occasioned. " Madam, said *Mangogul*, " have you not advantage enough by " your wit and figure, without taking " the robe to your aid? without

 " which

" which your words would have all " the weight that you could have " desired." It seems to me, sir, answered *Mirzoza*, that you do not much respect this robe, and that a disciple should pay more regard to what constitutes half the merit at least of his master. " I perceive, replied " the Sultan, that you have already " acquired the spirit and tone of your " new condition. I make no doubt " at present, but your capacity an" swers to the dignity of your dress, " and I impatiently expect a proof of " it." — You shall be satisfied this minute, said *Mirzoza*, sitting down in the center of a large carpet. The Sultan and courtiers placed themselves around her, and she began.

Have the philosophers, who presided over your highness's education, ever entertain'd you on the nature of the soul? Oh! very often, said *Mangogul*;

gogul; but all their ſyſtems had no other end, but giving me uncertain notions of it; and were it not for an inward ſentiment, which ſeems to ſuggeſt to me, that it is a ſubſtance different from matter, I ſhould either have denied its exiſtence, or confounded it with the body. Would you undertake to clear up this chaos?

So far from it, replied *Mirzoza*, that I am not farther advanced on that head than your pedagogues. The only difference between them and me, is that I ſuppoſe the exiſtence of a ſubſtance different from matter, and that they hold it demonſtrated. But this ſubſtance, if it exiſts, muſt be lodged ſomewhere. Have they not preached many extravagances to you on that article?

No, ſaid *Mangogul*: they all pretty generally agreed, that it reſides in

the head; and this opinion to me ſeemed probable. 'Tis the head that thinks, imagines, reflects, judges, diſpoſes, commands; and we ſay every day of a man who does not think, that he has no brains, or that he wants a head.

Well then, replied the Sultana, the reſult of your long ſtudies and of all your philoſophy, is, to ſuppoſe a fact, and to ground it on popular expreſſions. Prince, what would you ſay of your firſt geographer, if he preſented your highneſs with a map of your dominions, in which he had put the eaſt in the weſt, and the north in the ſouth?

That is too groſs an error, anſwered *Mangogul*, for any geographer to have ever committed.

That may be, continued the favorite; and in the caſe before us, your philoſophers are greater bunglers, than

than the most bungling geographer can be. They had not a vast empire to survey; the business was not to fix the limits of the four parts of the world: all they had to do, was to enter into themselves, and there mark the true seat of their soul. Yet they have placed the east in the west, and the south in the north. They have pronounced that the soul is in the head, whereas the greatest part of mankind dye, without it's ever inhabiting that appartment; and its first residence is in the feet.

In the feet, interrupted the Sultan! That is the most empty notion that I have ever heard.

Yes, in the feet, replied *Mirzoza*, and this opinion, which to you seems so silly, will, upon thoroughly examining it, become rational; contrary to all those, which you allow as true, and which upon a thorough examina-

tion are found to be false. Your highness agreed with me just now, that the existence of our soul was founded on the interior testimony alone, which it bore to itself; and I will now demonstrate, that all the proofs imaginable of sense concur to fix the soul in the seat which I have assigned it.

There we expect you, said *Mangogul.*

I desire no favor, continued she; and I invite ye all to propose your difficulties. Well then, I was saying that the soul takes up its first residence in the feet, that there it begins to exist, and from the feet it advances into the body. To experience I appeal for this fact; and perhaps I am going to lay the first foundations of experimental metaphysics.

We have all experienced in our infancy, that the benumbed soul remains

mains whole months in a ſtate of ſleepineſs. At that time the eyes open without ſeeing, the mouth without ſpeaking, and the ears without hearing. 'Tis elſewhere that the ſoul endeavours to ſtretch itſelf and awake; 'tis in other members that ſhe practiſes her firſt functions. 'Tis by the feet that a child gives notice of his formation. His body, head and arms are immoveable in the mother's womb; but his feet unfold and extend themſelves, and give proofs of his exiſtence, and perhaps of his exigences. When he is on the point of birth, what would become of his head, body and arms? They would never come out of their confinement, had they not been aſſiſted by the feet: here the feet act the principal part, and drive the reſt of the body before them. Such is the order of nature; and whenever any other mem-

ber attempts to lead the van; when the head, for example, takes the place of the feet; every thing goes wrong, and God knows what is the consequence sometimes, both to the mother and the child.

Is the child born? 'tis still in the feet that the chief motions are performed. We are obliged to confine them: and this is never done without some reluctance on their part. The head is a block, with which we do what we will; but the feet are sensible of, shake off the yoke, and seem jealous of the liberty, of which they are deprived.

Is the child able to stand alone? the feet make a thousand efforts to move; they put every thing into action: they command the other members, and the obedient hands lean against the walls, and advance for-

ward

ward to prevent or break the falls, and facilitate the action of the feet.

Whither do all the thoughts of a child tend, what are his pleasures, when, secure on his legs, his feet have acquired the habit of moving? To exercise them, to go to and fro', to run, to leap, to bounce. This turbulence pleases us, we take it for a mark of sense; and we predict the future stupidity of the child, when we see him indolent and sullen. Have you a mind to vex a child of four years old? make him sit down for a quarter of an hour, or imprison him between four chairs: he will grow peevish and ill-humor'd: for 'tis not his legs alone that you deprive of exercise, 'tis his soul that you hold in captivity.

The soul remains in the feet to the age of two or three years; at four it inhabits the legs; it gets up to the knees

knees and thighs at fifteen. Then we love dancing, fencing, riding, and the other violent bodily exercises. This is the predominant passion of all young folks, and the madness of some. What! does not the soul reside in those places, where she almost only manifests herself, and where she feels the most agreeable sensations? But if her residence varies in infancy and youth, why should it not vary thro' every stage of life?

Mirzoza pronounced this discourse with such rapidity as made her pant. *Selim*, one of the Sultan's favorites, embraced the moment while she was taking breath, and said to her: "Madam, I will make use of the "liberty you have granted the com-"pany, of proposing their objec-"tions. Your system is ingenious, "and you have delivered it with "equal grace and clearness: but I

"am

" am not ſo far ſeduced by it, as to
" think it ſtands demonſtrated. Me-
" thinks one may ſay, that even in
" infancy 'tis the head that commands
" the feet, and from thence the ſpi-
" rits flow, which, by means of the
" nerves, running into all the mem-
" bers, ſtop or move them at the
" will of the ſoul ſeated on the pi-
" neal gland: juſt as we ſee his
" highneſs's orders iſſuing from the
" ſublime Porte, which ſet all his
" ſubjects in action."

Doubtleſs, replied *Mirzoza*, but one would tell me a very obſcure thing; to which I ſhould give no other anſwer than by an experienced fact. In infancy we have no certainty that the head thinks; and even you, my lord, who have ſo good an one, and who in your tender years paſſed for a prodigy of reaſon, do you remember that you thought at that

that time? But you might well aſſert, that when you gamboled about like a little Dæmon, ſo as to drive your governants out of their wits, your feet then governed your head.

" That proves nothing, ſaid the
" Sultan. *Selim* was lively, and ſo are a
" thouſand other children. They do
" not reflect, but they think: time
" ſlips away, the remembrance of
" things wears out, and they remem-
" ber not that they thought."

But by what part did they think, replied *Mirzoza*: for that is the point in diſpute?

" By the head, anſwered *Selim*."

What! always this head, into which one cannot peep, replied the Sultana. Pray, drop your dark lanthorn, in which you ſuppoſe a light, that is ſeen by none but by him who carries it: hear my experiment, and own the truth of my hypotheſis. It is ſo con-

ſtantly

ſtantly true, that the ſoul begins its progreſs in the body by the feet, that there are ſome of both ſexes, in whom it never roſe higher. My lord, you have admired *Nini*'s nimbleneſs and *Saligo*'s feats of activity a thouſand times: anſwer me then ſincerely, do you think that theſe creatures have their ſouls any where elſe but in their legs? And have you not remarked, that in *Volucer* and *Zelindor* the head is ſubmiſſive to the feet? The eternal temptation of a dancer is to contemplate his legs. At every ſtep his attentive eye follows his paces, and his head bows reſpectuouſly before his feet, as do before his highneſs his invincible Pacha's.

" I allow the obſervation, ſaid *Se-*
" *lim*: but I deny that it is a general
" one".

Nor do I pretend, replied *Mirzoza*, that the ſoul always fixes in the

feet;

feet: ſhe advances, ſhe travels, ſhe quits a part, returns to it, and quits it again; but I maintain that the other members are ſubordinate to that which ſhe inhabits. All this varies according to the age, temper and circumſtances; and thence ariſes the difference of taſtes, the diverſity of inclinations and characters. Do you not admire the fecundity of my principle? And is not its certainty evinced by the number of phænomena, to which it extends?

Madam, anſwered *Selim*, if you applied it to ſome in particular, perhaps it might give us a degree of conviction, which we have not yet acquired.

Moſt willingly, replied *Mirzoza*, who began to be ſenſible of the advantages ſhe gain'd: you ſhall be ſatisfied, only follow the chain of my notions. I do not pretend to make ar-

arguments in form. I ſpeak from my heart; this is the philoſophy of our ſex, and you underſtand it almoſt as well as we. It is probable enough, added ſhe, that the ſoul occupies the feet and legs to the age of eight or ten: but about that time, or rather later, ſhe quits that lodging, either of her own free motion, or by force. By force, when a tutor employs certain machines to drive her out of her native place, and lead her into the brain; where ſhe is metamorphoſed generally into memory, and ſeldom or never into judgment. This is the fate of ſchool-boys. In like manner, if a weak governant labours hard to form a young girl, ſtuffs her mind with knowledge, and neglects the heart and morals; the ſoul rapidly flies towards the head, ſtops on the tongue, or fixes in the eyes; and her ſcholar is but a tireſome pratler, or a coquet.

Thus

Thus the voluptuous woman is ſhe whoſe ſoul occupies her Toy, and never ſtrays from it.

The woman of gallantry, ſhe whoſe ſoul is ſometimes in her Toy, and ſometimes in her eyes.

The affectionate woman, ſhe whoſe ſoul is habitually in the heart, but ſometimes alſo in her Toy.

The virtuous woman, ſhe whoſe ſoul is ſometimes in her head, ſometimes in her heart, but never any where elſe.

If the ſoul fixes in the heart, ſhe forms the characters of ſenſibility, compaſſion, truth, generoſity. If ſhe quits the heart without returning thither, and retires to the head; then ſhe forms thoſe whom we call hard-hearted, ungrateful, deceitful, cruel men.

The claſs of thoſe, in whom the ſoul viſits the head merely as a country-houſe,

try-houſe, where its ſtay is ſhort, is very numerous. It is compoſed of *Petits Maitres*, coquets, muſicians, poets, romancers, courtiers, and all thoſe who are called pretty women. Liſten to the reaſoning of theſe entities, and you will inſtantly diſcern vagabond ſouls, which are influenced by the different climes they inhabit.

"If that be the caſe, ſaid *Selim*, "nature has formed many uſeleſs "things. And yet our ſages hold as "a conſtant maxim, that ſhe has "produced nothing in vain."

Drop your ſages and their lofty expreſſions, anſwered *Mirzoza*; and as to nature, let us conſider her with the eyes of experience only, and we ſhall learn from her, that ſhe has placed the ſoul in the body of man, as in a ſpacious palace, of which ſhe does not always occupy the moſt beautiful ap-

appartment. The head and heart are principally deſtined for her, as the center of virtue, and the reſidence of truth: but moſt commonly ſhe ſtops on the road, and prefers a garret, a ſuſpicious place, a miſerable inn, where ſhe drops aſleep in perpetual drunkenneſs. Ah! If I were allowed for twenty-four hours only, to ſettle the world according to my fancy, I would divert you with a very ſtrange ſight: in a moment I would deprive each ſoul of the ſuperfluous parts of its habitation; and you would ſee each individual characteriſed by the part left him. Thus dancers would be reduced to two feet, or two legs at moſt; ſingers to a throat; moſt women to a Toy; hero's and prize-fighters to an armed hand; certain learned men to a ſkull without brains; a female gameſter ſhould be ſtinted to two hands inceſſantly ſhuffling the cards;

a glutton to two jaws always in motion; a coquet to two eyes; a rake to the sole instrument of his passion; the ignorant and lazy to nothing.

If you leave the women any hands at all, interrupted the Sultan, those men whom you would reduce to the sole instrument of their passions, would be pursued. This chace would be a pleasant sight: and if the sex was as greedy of this game every where else as in *Congo*, the species would soon be extinct.

" But, said *Selim* to the favorite,
" of what would you compose affectio-
" nate and sensible women, constant
" and faithful lovers?"

Of a heart, answered *Mirzoza*; and I well know, added she, darting a tender glance on *Mangogul*, that, to which mine would wish to be united.

The

The Sultan could not ſtand againſt this declaration: he ſprung from his ſeat to the favorite: the courtiers diſappear'd, and the new philoſopher's chair became the theatre of their pleaſures: he gave her repeated proofs that he was not leſs charmed with her ſentiments than with her diſcourſe; and the philoſophic equipage was thrown into diſorder. *Mirzoza* return'd the black petticoats to her women, ſent my lord Seneſchal his enormous peruke, and to Monſieur *l'Abbé* his ſquare cap, with aſſurances that he ſhould be on the liſt at the next nomination. What would he not have attained, if he had been a genius? A ſeat in the academy was the leaſt reward that he could expect: but unluckily he knew but two or three hundred words, and had never been able from that ſtock, to compaſs the compoſing of two *Ritournelles*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

Sequel of the preceding converſation.

M*Angogul* was the only perſon that had given attention to *Mirzoza*'s philoſophic lecture without interrupting her; and as he was pretty much inclined to contradict, ſhe was aſtoniſh'd at it. "Does the Sultan "allow my ſyſtem from beginning to "end, ſaid ſhe within herſelf? No, "that is not probable: has he found "it too bad to deign to attack it? "that may be. My notions are not "the moſt juſt that have been broach'd "to this day; I grant it: but neither "are they the moſt falſe; and I am "apt to think that worſe have been "invented."

In order to clear up this doubt, the favorite resolved to ask some questions of *Mangogul.* " Well, prince, said " she, what are your thoughts of " my system ?" It is admirable, answered the Sultan ; I find but one defect in it. " What defect is that, " replied the favorite ?" It is, said *Mangogul*, that it is as false as false can be. Pursuant to your notions, we must all be endowed with souls : now observe, my soul's delight, that there is not common sense in this supposition. " I have a soul : there is " an animal that acts most part of the " time as if he had none ; and per- " haps in reality he has none, even " while he acts as if he had one. But " he has a nose made like mine ; " I feel that I have a soul, and that I " think : therefore that animal has a " soul, and thinks likewise. This

ar-

argument has been made ufe of above a thoufand years, and it has been impertinent full as long.

" I own, faid the favorite, that it " is not always evident that others " think." And add, replied *Mangogul*, that it is evident on an hundred occafions that they do not think. " But in my opinion, fays *Mirzoza*, " it would be going a great length, " to infer from thence, that they ne- " ver have or ever will think. A " perfon is not always a beaft, for " having been fo fometimes; and " your highnefs"———

Mirzoza, fearing to offend the Sultan, ftopt fhort. " Continue, " madam, faid *Mangogul*, I under- " ftand you; would you not have " faid, has my highnefs never acted " the beaft? I anfwer you, that I " have now and then, and that even

" I excused others for taking me for
" such: for you may easily imagine,
" that they did not fail so to do, tho'
" they dared not to speak out." ——
Ah! prince, cried the favorite, if men refused a soul to the greatest monarch upon earth, to whom could they allow one?

" Pray, forbear compliments, says
" *Mangogul.* I have for a moment
" laid down the crown and scepter. I
" have ceased to be Sultan, in order to
" be a philosopher, and I can hear
" and speak the truth. I believe I
" have given you proofs of the one;
" and you have hinted to me, with-
" out offending me, and quite at your
" ease, that I have been sometimes no
" better than a beast. Permit me
" thoroughly to fulfil the duties of
" my new character.

" Far from agreeing with you,
" con-

" continued he, that every creature
" that has legs, arms, hands, eyes
" and ears as I have, poſſeſſes a ſoul
" like me; I declare to you, that I
" am abſolutely perſwaded, that three
" fourths of the men and all the wo-
" men are but mere machines."

There may poſſibly be as much truth, anſwered the favorite, as politeneſs in what you ſay.

" Oh! ſays the Sultan, madam
" ſeems to be angry: and why the
" devil do you take it into your head
" to philoſophize, if you will not al-
" low one to ſpeak the truth? Is it in
" the ſchools that politeneſs is to be
" ſought for? I have left you full
" elbow-room; pray, allow me the
" ſame, if you pleaſe. Well, then,
" I was ſaying, that ye are all beaſts."

Yes, prince; and this is what remained to be proved, added *Mirzoza*.

" Nothing more eaſy, anſwered " the Sultan." Then he ſet about detailing all the impertinences which had been ſaid over and over, with as little wit and delicacy as poſſible, againſt a ſex which poſſeſſes both theſe qualities in a ſovereign degree. Never was *Mirzoza*'s patience put to a greater trial; and you would never be ſo tired in your whole life, as if I related all *Mangogul*'s reaſonings. This prince, who did not want good ſenſe, was that day abſurd beyond all comprehenſion: of which you ſhall be a judge. " It is ſo true, " by *Jupiter*, ſaid he, that a woman " is but an animal, that I'll wager, if " I turn *Cucufa*'s ring on my mare, I " ſhall make her ſpeak like a wo- " man."

Without doubt, anſwered *Mirzoza*, there is the ſtrongeſt argument that has ever been, or ever will be made

made againſt us. Then ſhe burſt out into a loud fit of laughter. *Mangogul*, vexed to ſee no end to her laughter, went out in a hurry, reſolved to try the whimſical experiment, which occur'd to his imagination.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Thirteenth trial of the Ring.

The LITTLE MARE.

I Am not a great portrait-maker. I have exempted the reader from that of the favorite Sultana; but I can never condeſcend to remit him that of the Sultan's mare. She was of a middling ſize, and had a pretty good gait; the chief fault found with her in that regard was, that ſhe did not bridle her head ſufficiently. Her co-

lour was white, with blue eyes, ſmall hoofs, clean legs, firm hams, and light haunches. She had been taught to dance for a long time, and ſhe made her bows like a maſter of the ceremonies. Upon the whole ſhe was a pretty beaſt enough, and remarkably gentle: ſhe was eaſily mounted, but one muſt be an excellent horſeman to be able to keep the ſaddle. She had belong'd to the ſenator *Aaron*: but on a fine evening the ſkittiſh creature took fright, threw the judge, and ran full ſpeed to the Sultan's ſtuds, carrying with her the ſaddle, bridle, furniture, houſings and caparifons of value; which became her ſo well, that it was not thought proper to ſend them back.

Mangogul went into his ſtables, accompanied by his firſt ſecretary *Ziguezague*. "Liſten attentively, ſaid he, "and

" and write." ——— That very inſtant he turn'd his ring on the mare, which fell to leaping, prancing, kicking, bouncing, and neighing under the tail. ——— " Where are your " thoughts, ſaid the prince to his ſe" cretary, write then." ——— Sultan, replied *Ziguezague*, I wait till your highneſs begins. ——— " My mare, ſays *Mangogul*, will dictate to you this once, write."

Ziguezague, whom this order reduced too low in his own opinion, aſſumed the liberty of repreſenting to the Sultan, that he would always eſteem it a high honour to be his ſecretary, but not that of his mare. " Write, I tell you, ſaid the Sultan " again." Prince, I cannot, replied *Ziguezague*: I know not the orthography of this ſort of words. ——— " Write however, ſaid the Sultan

 " once

" once more" —— I am exceſſively mortified, to be obliged to diſobey your highneſs, added *Ziguezague*; but——" But you are a ſcoundrel, " interrupted *Mangogul*, incenſed at " a refuſal ſo much out of place; " quit my palace, and never appear " there more."

Poor *Ziguezague* diſappear'd, having learn'd by experience, that a man of ſpirit ought not to enter the palaces of moſt part of the great, without leaving his ſentiments at the gate. His deputy was called. He was a *Provencal*, frank, honeſt, and thoroughly diſintereſted. He flew whither he thought his duty and fortune called him, made a low bow to the Sultan, a lower ſtill to his mare, and wrote every thing that the beaſt vouchſafed to dictate.

I muſt beg leave to refer thoſe, who

are curious to know her diſcourſe, to the archives of *Congo*. This prince immediately ordered copies of it to be diſtributed among all his interpreters and profeſſors of foreign languages, both ancient and modern. One ſaid, that it was a ſcene of ſome old *Greek* tragedy, which to him appear'd very moving; another, by the ſtrength of his genius diſcovered, that it was an important fragment of *Egyptian* theology: a third pretended, that it was the *Exordium* of *Hannibal's* funeral oration in the Punic language; and a fourth aſſerted, that the piece was writ in *Chineſe*, and that it was a very devout prayer to *Confucius*.

While the *Litterati* were trying the Sultan's patience with their learned conjectures, he recollected *Gulliver's* travels, and made no doubt, but that a perſon, who had lived ſo long as

this *Englishman*, in an island, where horses have a government, laws, kings, gods, priests, a religion, temples and altars; and who seemed so perfectly well instructed in their manners and customs, was a thorough master of their language. Accordingly *Gulliver* read and interpreted the mare's discourse off hand, notwithstanding the orthographical errors, with which it abounded. Nay, it is the only good translation of it in all *Congo*. *Mangegal* learned for his own private satisfaction, and for the honour of his system, that it was an historical abridgment of the amours of an old Pacha of three tails with the little mare, which had been attack'd by an infinite number of jack-asses before him: a singular anecdote, the truth of which however was not unknown, either to the Sultan, or to any other person

person at court, at *Banza*, and in the rest of the empire.

CHAP. XXIX.

The best perhaps, and the least read of this history.

Mangogul's *dream, or a voyage into the region of hypotheses.*

WAA, says *Mangogul*, yawning and rubbing his eyes, my head achs. Let nobody evermore talk philosophy to me. Such conversations are unwholsome. Last night I lay on empty ideas; and instead of sleeping like a Sultan, my brain work'd more than those of my ministers do in a year. You laugh; but to convince you that I do not exaggerate, and to take

take my revenge for the bad night which your reaſonings gave me, I enjoin you the penance of hearing my dream in its full extent.

As ſoon as I began to nod, and my imagination to take its flight, I ſaw an odd animal bounce by my ſide. He had the head of an eagle, the feet of a griffon, the body of a horſe, and the tail of a lion. I ſeized him, notwithſtanding his prancing; and holding by his mane, I nimbly ſprung on his back. Immediately he ſpread out long wings, which iſſued from his flanks, and I felt myſelf carried in the air with incredible ſwiftneſs.

After driving a vaſt way, I eſpied, in the emptineſs of ſpace, a building ſuſpended as by enchantment. It was a vaſt one. I will not ſay that it was faulty in its foundation; for it had none.

none. Its columns, which were not half a foot in diameter, ran up out of ſight, and ſupported arches, which would not have been viſible, were it not for the ſymmetrical lights made in them.

At the entrance into this edifice it was that my beaſt firſt ſtop'd. At firſt I was in a doubt whether I ſhould alight: for I apprehended leſs danger in ſitting on my hippogriffon, than in walking under this portico. However, encouraged by the multitude of its inhabitants, and by a remarkable ſecurity, which was predominant in their countenances, I alight, go forward, mix with the crowd, and make my obſervations on thoſe that compoſed it.

They were old men, either bloated or feeble; without *Embonpoint* and ſtrength, and almoſt all deform'd.

The

The head of one was too little, the arms of another too ſhort. One was hump-back'd, another bandy-legg'd. Moſt of them had no feet, and walk'd on crutches. A breath threw them down, and they remain'd on the ground, till ſome new comer was pleaſed to lift them up. All theſe defects notwithſtanding, they pleaſed at firſt ſight. They had in their phyſiognomy ſomewhat engaging and confident. They were almoſt naked: for all their cloathing conſiſted of a ſmall rag of ſtuff, which did not cover the hundredth part of their body.

I continued to pierce the crowd, and got to the foot of a roſtrum, for which a cobweb ſerved as a canopy. The boldneſs of this roſtrum was of a piece with that of the building. To me it ſeemed placed on the point

point of a needle, and to ſupport itſelf there in æquilibrio. I trembled a hundred times for the perſon, who was in it. He was an old man, with a long beard, as wither'd and naked as any of his diſciples: he had a cup full of a ſubtil fluid before him, into which he dipp'd a ſtraw-pipe; then put it to his mouth, and blew bubbles to a crowd of ſpectators around him, who were uſing their utmoſt endeavours to drive them up to the clouds.

" Where am I, ſaid I to myſelf, " all in confuſion at theſe childiſh " tricks? What means this blower " of bubbles, and all theſe decrepit " infants employ'd in making them " fly about? Who will let me into " the ſecret of theſe things?" — Beſides, the little ſcraps of ſtuff had ſtruck me; and I obſerved that the

larger

larger they were, the lefs thofe that wore them interefted themfelves in the bubbles. This fingular remark embolden'd me to accoft him, who was the leaft undrefs'd of the company.

I faw one, whofe fhoulders were half covered with pieces fo well fitted together, that the feams were not to be feen. He walk'd forward and backward in the crowd, with very little concern for what they were doing. He had an affable air, a fmiling mouth, a noble gait, a mild look; and I went directly to him, and afked him without ceremony: "Who are "you? Where am I? And who "are all thefe folks?"—He anfwered, I am *Plato*. You are in the region of hypothefes, and thefe folks are fyftematics. "But by what "chance, replied I, is the divine "*Plato* here, and what does he do "among

" among these madmen?"—Raising recruits, said he. At a distance from this Portico I have a sanctuary, whither I conduct those who abandon systems. " And how do you em-" ploy them?" In knowing man, practising virtue, and sacrificing to the graces—" These are noble em-" ployments: but what mean these " shreds of stuff, whereby you look " more like beggers than philoso-" phers?"—Oh! what a question do you propose to me, said he with a sigh, and what thoughts do you bring back to my mind? This temple was formerly that of philosophy. Alass! how much this place is changed! The chair of *Socrates* was here.—" How, " said I, interrupting him, had *So-*" *crates* a straw, and did he blow " bubbles?"—No, no, replied *Plato*, it was not by such means that he merited

merited of the Gods the name of the wiſeſt of men. His conſtant occupation, during life, was forming heads and hearts. The ſecret was loſt at his death. *Socrates* died, and the bright days of philoſophy were no more. Theſe pieces of ſtuff, which thoſe very ſyſtematics think it an honour to wear, are ſcraps of his garment. Scarcely had his eyes been cloſed, when thoſe, who aſpired to the title of philoſophers, ſeized his robe, and tore it in pieces. "I un-"derſtand, ſaid I, theſe pieces ſerved "as tickets both to them and their "long poſterity."—Who will collect theſe ſcraps, continued *Plato*, and reſtore us *Socrates*'s robe?

While he was uttering theſe words, I ſaw at a diſtance a child walking towards us in a ſlow but ſure pace. He had a little head, ſlender body, weak

weak arms and ſhort legs: but all theſe parts increaſed in all dimenſions, according as he came forward. In the progreſs of his ſucceſſive growth, he appear'd to me under a hundred different forms; I ſaw him directing a long teleſcope towards the heavens, eſtimating the fall of bodies by means of a pendulum, determining the weight of the air by a tube fill'd with quickſilver, and diſcompoſing light with a priſm. He was now become an enormous *Coloſſus*: his head touch'd the heavens, his feet were loſt in the abyſs, and his arms reach'd from one to the other pole. With his right hand he brandiſhed a torch, whoſe light ſpread a vaſt way in the ſky, enlightened even the bottom of the waters, and penetrated into the entrails of the earth. I aſk'd *Plato*, what that gigantic figure was, that was com-

coming towards us. It is experience, ſaid he. Scarcely had he made me this ſhort anſwer, when I ſaw experience draw near, and the columns of the portico of hypotheſes to ſhake, its arches to ſink in, and its pavement to crack under our feet. "Let "us fly, ſaid *Plato*, let us fly: this "edifice has but a moment to ſtand." At theſe words he departs, and I follow him. The *Coloſſus* arrives, ſtrikes the portico, it tumbles down with a frightful noiſe, and I awake.

Ah! Prince, cried *Mirzoza*, 'tis you that ought to dream. I would indeed be very glad, that you had had a good night: but now that I know your dream, I ſhould be very ſorry that you had not dream'd it.

Madam, ſaid *Mangogul*, I could point out nights better ſpent than that of this dream, which gives you ſo much

much pleaſure; and if I had been maſter of making the journey, or not; it is very probable, that, not hoping to find you in the country of hypotheſes, I ſhould have bent my courſe elſewhere. And then, either I ſhould not have the head-ach, which I actually feel, or at leaſt I ſhould have reaſon to make myſelf eaſy under it.

Prince, replied *Mirzoza*, it is to be hoped, that it will ſoon go off; and that one or two experiments of your ring will rid you of it. I muſt try, ſaid *Mangogul.* The converſation laſted ſome time longer between the Sultan and *Mirzoza*; ſo that he did not quit her till eleven, when he went upon the expedition related in the following chapter.

♔♔♔♔♔♔♔♔♔♔♔

CHAP. XXX.

Fourteenth trial of the Ring.

The MUTE TOY.

OF all the ladies, who ſhone at the Sultan's court, none had more charms and wit than young *Egle*, the wife of his highneſſes's great cupbearer. She was of all *Mangogul's* parties, who was much taken with the chearfulneſs of her converſation: and as if there could be neither pleaſure nor amuſement without *Egle*, ſhe was alſo of all the parties of the grandees of his court. Balls, public diverſions, drawing rooms, feaſts, private ſuppers, hunting

ing matches, play, every where *Egle* was invited, and every where ſhe appear'd: it ſeem'd as if the taſte of amuſements multiplied her, according to the will of thoſe who deſired her company. Wherefore it is needleſs to ſay, that if no woman was as much ſought after as *Egle*, there was none ſo diffuſed.

She had been always purſued by a crowd of lovers, and people were perſuaded that ſhe had not treated them all with ſeverity. Whether it were inadvertence, or thorough good nature, her common politeneſs frequently reſembled premeditated regard: and thoſe who endeavour'd to gain her, ſometimes read affection in her eyes, when ſhe never intended more than affability. Neither cauſtic, nor detracting, ſhe never open'd her mouth but to ſay pleaſing things:

which ſhe did with ſuch ſpirit and vivacity, that on ſeveral occaſions, her encomiums raiſed a ſuſpicion that ſhe had a choice to juſtify. Thus it appears, that thoſe, of whom *Egle* was the ornament and delight, were unworthy of her.

It was natural to think, that a woman, in whom no fault perhaps was to be found, but an exceſs of goodneſs, ought to have no enemies. Yet ſhe had ſome, and very bitter ones. The devouts of *Baeza* found that ſhe had too free an air, and ſomewhat too looſe in her carriage; ſaw nothing in her conduct but a rage of worldly pleaſures; inferred thence, that her morals were equivocal at leaſt; and charitably inſinuated this to all thoſe that would hear them.

The

The court ladies did not treat *Egle* with greater tendernefs. They fuf-pected her intimacies, gave her gallants, even honored her with fome great adventures, made her a party concerned in others: they knew particulars, and quoted witneffes. " Good, whifpered they, fhe has " been furprized *tete à tete* with " *Melraim* in one of the groves of " the great park. *Egle* does not " want wit, added they; but *Melraim* has too much good fenfe to " be amufed with her fpeeches alone, " at ten at night, in a grove.— " You are miftaken, faid a *Petit-Maitre*, I have walked with her " a hundred times in the dufk of " the evening, and found my account in it. But *a propos*, do you " know that *Zulemar* is daily at her " toilette? — Doubtlefs, we know

" it, and that ſhe has no toilette
" but when her huſband is in waiting
" at court.—— Poor *Celebi*, conti-
" nued another, indeed his wife ad-
" vertiſes him by the aigrette and
" diamond buckles, which ſhe re-
" ceived of the pacha *Iſmael.* —— Is
" that true, madam? —— It is ſtrict
" truth, I have it from her own
" mouth: but in the name of *Bra-*
" *ma* let this go no farther. *Egle*
" is my friend, and I ſhould be
" very ſorry —— Alas, cried a third
" ſorrowfully, the poor little crea-
" ture ruins herſelf very chearfully.
" A great pity truly. But twenty
" intrigues at a time, that ſeems ra-
" ther too much."

The *Petits-Maitres* were not more ſparing of her. One related a hunting match, in which ſhe and he loſt themſelves together. Another, out of

of respect for the sex, suppress'd the consequences of a very smart conversation he held with her at a masquerade, where he met her. A third made a panegyric on her wit and charms, and ended it by shewing her portrait, which he declared he had from the best hands. "This "portrait, said a fourth, is more "like her than that, of which she "made a present to *Jenaki*."

These stories at length came to her husband's ears. *Celebi* loved his wife, but still with such decency, that no body had the least suspicion of it. He repulsed the first reports, but they return'd to the charge from so many quarters, that he thought his friends more clear-sighted than himself: and the more liberty he had granted to *Egle*, the more he suspected that she had

abuſed it. Jealouſy took poſſeſſion of his ſoul. He began by cramping his wife. *Egle* bore this change of behaviour with the greater impatience, as ſhe was conſcious of her innocence. Her vivacity and the advices of her female friends, hurried her into inconſiderate deportment, which made all the appearances turn againſt her; and had like to coſt her her life. The violent *Celebi* for ſome time rack'd his brain with a thouſand projects of revenge, ſteel, poiſon, the fatal nooſe, &c. and at length reſolved on a ſlower and more cruel puniſhment, by confining her to his country ſeat: which is death indeed to a court lady. In a word, orders are given: *Egle* is inform'd of her deſtiny: he is inſenſible to her tears and deaf to her reaſons, and ſhe is

is banish'd two hundred miles from *Banza*, to an old castle, where she is allowed no other company than two maids and four black eunuchs, who continually watch her.

Scarcely was she set out, when she was innocent. The *Petits Maîtres* forgot her adventures; the women forgave her her wit and charms, and all the world bemoaned her. *Mangogul* was apprized, from *Celebi*'s own mouth, of his motives for the dreadful resolution he had taken against his wife, and seem'd to be the only person that approved it.

The wretched *Egle* had already groaned near six months under her exile, when *Kersael*'s adventure happened. *Mirzoza* wish'd she might prove innocent, but durst not indulge those flattering hopes. However,

ever, ſhe one day ſaid to the Sultan: "Prince, might not your "ring, which has ſaved *Kerſael's* "life, put an end to *Egle's* baniſhment? But I forget myſelf: "in order to that, her Toy ſhould "be conſulted; and the poor recluſe is dying with grief two "hundred miles hence." —— You intereſt yourſelf much, anſwered *Mangogul*, in *Egle's* fate. "Yes, "Prince, ſaid *Mirzoza*; eſpecially "if ſhe is innocent." You ſhall have tydings of this affair within an hour, replied *Mangogul*. Do you not remember the properties of my ring? —— At theſe words, he went into the garden, turn'd his ring, and in leſs than fifteen minutes was in the park of the caſtle wherein *Egle* dwelt.

There

There he eſpied *Egle* alone and overwhelm'd with ſorrow: her head was leaning on her hand, ſhe was tenderly repeating her huſband's name, and with her tears ſhe was watering the green turf, on which ſhe ſate. *Mangogul* drawing near turn'd his ring on her, and *Egle*'s Toy ſaid in a mournful ſtrain: "I "love *Celebi*." The Sultan waited for the ſequel; but as it came not, he had recourſe to his ring, which he rubb'd two or three times againſt his hat, before he levell'd it on *Egle*: but his labour was vain. The Toy repeated: "I love *Ce-* "*lebi*," and ſtop'd ſhort. There is a very diſcreet Toy, ſaid the Sultan. Let us try once more, and ply it cloſer. Whereupon he gave to his ring all the energy, which it was capable of receiving, and

turn'd it nimbly on *Egle*: but her Toy continued mute. It either conſtantly kept ſilence, or broke it only by repeating theſe plaintive words: "I love *Celebi*, and have "never loved any other man."

Mangogul, being thoroughly ſatisfied, returned to *Mirzoza* in fifteen minutes. "What, Prince, ſaid "ſhe, return'd already. Well, what "have you learnt? Do you bring "freſh matter for our converſa-"tions?" I bring nothing, anſwered the Sultan. What! nothing?— Nothing at all. I never knew a Toy ſo ſilent: I could get nothing from it but theſe words. "I love "*Celebi*, I love *Celebi*, and have "never loved any other man." "Ah! "Prince, replied *Mirzoza* with vi-"vacity, what do you tell me? "What happy news! There is one

virtu-

" virtuous woman found at laſt. " Will you ſuffer her to remain " longer miſerable?" No, anſwered *Mangogul*: her baniſhment ſhall be at an end, but have you no apprehenſions that it may be at the expence of her virtue? *Egle* is chaſte, but conſider, my heart's delight, what you require of me; to re-call her to my court, in order that ſhe may continue ſo: however you ſhall be ſatisfied.

The Sultan ſent for *Celebi* immediately, and told him; that having made a ſtrict inquiry into the reports ſpread abroad concerning *Egle*, he had found them falſe and calumnious, and commanded him to bring her back to court. *Celebi* obey'd, and preſented his wife to *Mangogul*: ſhe was going to throw herſelf at his highneſs's feet, but the Sultan ſtopping

ping her said: " Madam, thank
" *Mirzoza.* Her friendship for you
" determined me to clear up the
" truth of the facts imputed to you.
" Continue to embellish my court;
" but remember that a pretty woman
" sometimes does herself as much
" mischief by acts of imprudence,
" as by adventures."

The very next day *Egle* waited on the *Manimonbanda*, who received her with a smile. The *Petits-Maitres* redoubled their insipidities towards her, and the women all ran to embrace and give her joy, and began again to tear her in pieces.

End of the First Volume.

